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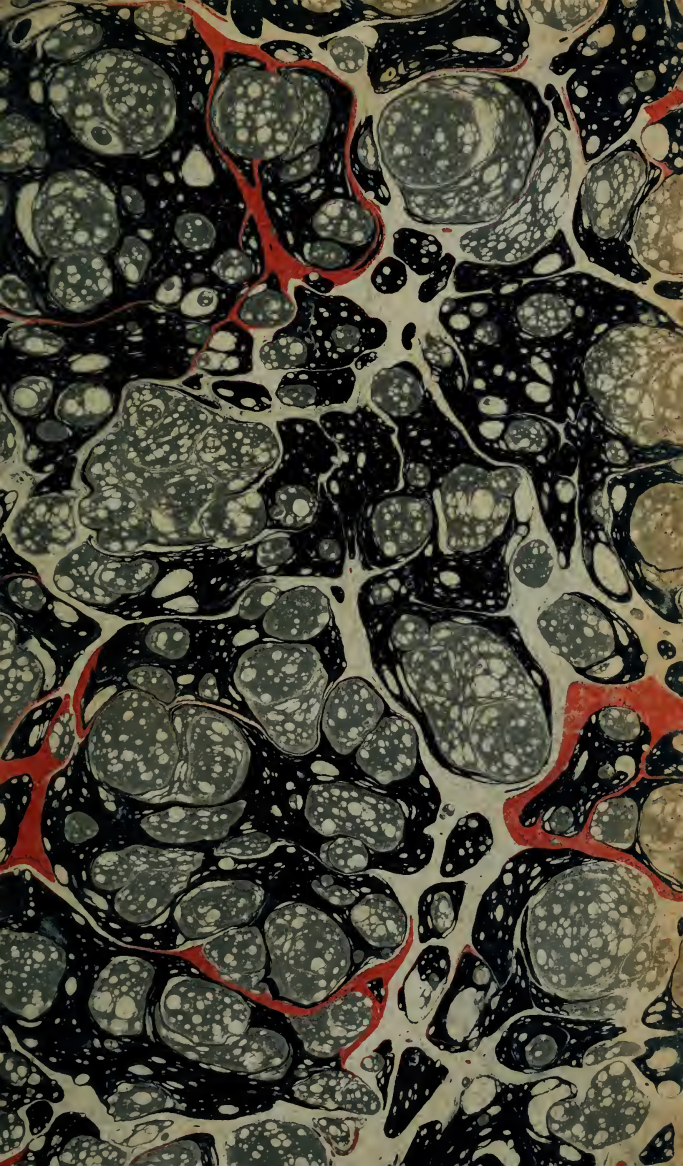

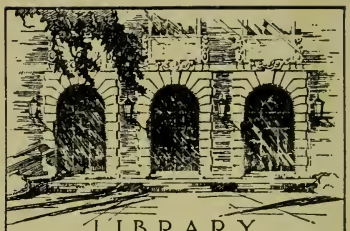

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THE

DAUGHTERS

OF

ISENBERG.

A BAVARIAN ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL IV.

Printed by J. D. Dewick,
46, Barbican, London.

THE

DAUGHTERS

OF

ISENBERG:

A BAVARIAN ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY ALICIA TYNDAL PALMER;

AUTHOR OF

"The Husband and the Lover."

Seeming thus ordain'd
To mingle sounds in heav'nly harmony,
Yet, sunder'd now so far, no breeze can waft
The dying tones of one to vibrate on
The other's sympathetic chords.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY SQUARE.

1810.

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THE

DAUGHTERS OF ISENBERG.

CHAP. I.

THE whole of the day which succeeded the alarming indisposition of Pauline, that young lady had been too unwell to leave her room: but on the morning fixed for their setting out for the chateau D'Aubry, the Baroness was surprised on entering it to find, early as was the hour, that she was already up and prepared for her departure.

Pauline was alone, and sitting at a table on which lay several papers. These with trembling hands she was arranging; and so intently was she engaged in the occupation, that she did not immediately perceive her mother.

When she did lift her heavy eyes to those of her parents, she hastily arose, and would have thrown herself at her feet, if the Baroness had not prevented her.

"Heaven grant my child," said Madame Isenberg, after embracing and leading her to a seat, "Heaven grant that the malady which has so long hung on you, may yield to the new remedies prescribed!" and she was proceeding to charge her strict observance of them till they again met, when Pauline interrupted her by saying faintly:

"Oh no, my mother, my malady is beyond the reach of medicine, it is seated here," laying her hand upon her bosom; "but you shall soon know all—the last struggle of irresolution is passed. When I am gone," added she, after a considerable pause, during which the eyes of the trembling parent were in speechless alarm fixed on her, "When I have left you—that journal—originally

intended for your perusal—those papers —stained by a confession."—

Unable to proceed, her head sank on her bosom, while drops of anguish rolled down her pallid cheek.

Madame Isenberg, inexpressibly shocked by her words, and incapable of asking an explanation of them, now attempted to take from the table the papers to which she had referred: but her daughter checked the effort, by saying: "Not yet—allow me a few minutes to complete my task—till then, dear madam, spare me."

It was not till Pauline was on the point of ascending the carriage, which was to carry her from Paris, that she put into the hands of her mother a large sealed packet; and as she bent forward to receive her maternal embrace, she said in a voice so low as to meet no ear but that to which it was addressed: "If, after you have read the avowal of her

fault, you find it impossible to pardon your child, grieve not, dear madam, if she fall a victim to the remorse and hopeless sorrow which has so long oppressed her.

Madame Isenberg now hastened to indulge the torturing impatience which prompted her instantly to make herself mistress of the contents, and learn at once the worst she had to fear; but scarcely had she broken the seal, when she received a summons to attend her father.

To decline going to him was not to be thought of, and though, with the most agonizing anxiety, she locked up those papers unexamined, on the purport of whose contents her own future tranquillity, it was more than probable, depended; and went immediately to the Count's apartment.

Her father received the Baroness with a tenderness of manner which, since his

pardoning her, she had never till now experienced from him; no trace of that severity which had lately so cruelly shocked her, marked his present address, but saluting her by that name, by which in her early days he had been accustomed to distinguish her, he invited her in a tone of affection to sit beside him.

In the present agitated state of Madame Isenberg's feelings, this kindness so overcame her, that it was long ere she could sufficiently compose herself to satisfy the enquiries he made respecting those connections which her children had formed.

The Count listened with profound attention to the details which he called on her to give on a subject, which he said deeply interested him. He declared that he could have wished all her daughters might have married noblemen of his own nation, yet from what she had re-

lated of Don Alphonso, his alliance appeared perfectly unexceptionable.

Respecting Villerose, his questions were still more minute, and in reply to the Baroness's observing, that she rejoiced that at least the union of one of her children would meet his wishes, he replied, that if an event so desirable ever happened as Viola's marrying with his entire approbation, he should from the moment of its completion, but never till then, cease to regret.—

The Count abruptly checked himself, conscious that he was relapsing into that severity of manner, and bitterness of feeling, which he studiously wished to avoid.—He paused for a moment to recover self-command, then in a lowered voice he requested to be informed in what way the acquaintance of her family with the Marquis de Villerose had first happened; enquired every particular she

knew of him; but above all, begged to be precisely informed how far they stood pledged to the fulfilment of the engagement into which they had entered with him.

The Baroness satisfied him of every particular, and the Count concluded the subject by observing, that he wished much to see and converse himself with the young Marquis, as soon as he should arrive in Paris, after which he should be better enabled to give her his sentiments on this projected union.

Madame Isenberg, with all the warmth and partiality the amiable and captivating manners of Villerose were capable of inspiring in the bosom of one who believed him formed to constitute the happiness of her darling child, eagerly assured her father that, as she was certain, to know, and highly to esteem the Marquis, were inseparable, she would gladly perform a task so agreeable, as

that of introducing to each other, two persons for whom she felt so great an attachment.

The Count replied, it was well; and, after requesting that no delay might take place after Villerose's arrival, he insinuated that if Viola married with his approbation, it was his intention to bequeath to her his principal un-entailed estate. He then changed the subject of their conversation, and soon after giving her a book, he desired her to read it to him.

Had not tormenting anxiety respecting the secret of Pauline almost wholly engrossed the thoughts of Madame Isenberg during the discussion of these subjects, it is more than probable that this conversation with her father would have revived those superstitious apprehensions which had been created by the words of the phantom in the shrubbery of the Auberge, unless the arguments of

the Baron had gradually tended to efface them from her mind. However this might have been, the Baroness entertained no doubt but that the Count, as soon as he knew Villerose, would feel as desirous of promoting the family alliance, as she herself was.

Her father had shewn no inclination to be left alone, when Don Alphonso called at the hotel D'Aubry. Instead of going to him, therefore, she had merely addressed to him a note, as has been already related: the circumstance of his arrival had, however, again introduced the subject of his friend, whom the Count said he wished to see on the following morning, provided he had also arrived in Paris. It was more than an hour after De Lerma had driven from the Count's hotel before that nobleman expressed a wish of retiring to rest; on that signal the Baroness took of him an affectionate leave for the night, and

hurrying to the Countess's dressing room, took from the cabinet in which she had deposited it, the packet of Pauline.

The upper paper which presented itself, was dated three years prior to the period at which it met the eye of that mother to whom it was addressed, the time at which Pauline first quitted the paternal roof to pass some months with Lady Aberdale, at Rhonburg; and, in the language of her then tender years, ran thus:

"You know not, my dear mamma, nor will you know for a long, long while, that your Pauline had formed a plan to deceive herself into the belief that she is still acting under your indulgent but correcting eye; she intends making it a point of conscience, to keep a little journal of all her thoughts, words, and deeds, during her absence from her hitherto constant guide; which she will

one day submit to the chastening judgment of her dear maternal friend—Oh, what pleasure to prove deserving of praise from goodness herself!"

"Your Pauline rose this morning with the lark, and has been rambling through a wilderness of beauties, within whose recesses she has discovered such a charming place!—It is quite calculated for those studies to her improvement, in which she has promised her dear Monsieur Delmond she will devote a part of every morning. It is a Druid's temple, standing on an eminence near the river—that very same river, which bathes the shrubby banks of her own Isenberg!—Think mamma of the pleasure of her knowing that the waters that flow through these charming plantations have first visited the no less enchanting groves of her happy home!—Oh mamma!—they shall ever find your Pauline diligently

employed with her music, her books, her pencil, or writing a faithful record of her passing hours; and she will reward herself with the idea, that they bear in their soft murmurs the approving tones of your softer voice. To-morrow she will have her music and drawing instruments brought here, and the next day she will seriously begin to practise a regular course of those desirable accomplishments."

"I am very, very sorry, I have mentioned my choice of the Druid's temple for a study to Lady Aberdale—I have made her very sad by doing so—and though it was unconsciously that I committed this fault, I feel as much pain as if it had been premeditated.

"The late Sir Launcelot, my dear mamma, was suddenly taken ill in my chosen temple, and died before he could be removed from it; there Lady Aberdale

anxiously watched his departing spirit, and never since has entered it: on learning this, I wished to have had every thing removed, which by my inconsiderate orders had been so hastily brought hither, but Lady Aberdale would not hear of it: "Do not, my dear child," she tenderly exclaimed, (mistaking my motive, for wishing it,) "do not associate ideas of repugnant terror with a place hallowed by having received the last sigh of a good man. Believe me there is nothing frightful in such a scene. Not more gently descend to earth the dews of evening, nor expire more softly the worn-out winds of heaven, than did the object of my regret and love, sink to eternal rest! It is not the superstitious weakness, or the irreverent horror of an infirm mind, which makes me shrink from visiting the sacred spot on which he died. I am deterred only by the fear of reviving those tender recollections, which it has been

my study to banish, that I might not be tempted to repine at the dispensations of povidence.—Let it, then, still be your favourite temple, and may the pure spirit of him, who has rendered it sacred by his death, watch over you, and strengthen every native virtue which adorns your character!

"How good, how indulgent, how like my own mamma, is this dear Lady Aberdale!"

"Your silly Pauline, mamma, has not profited, as she ought to have done, by the lesson she yesterday received from her kind hostess, or she would not tremble so painfully as she does at this moment!—The temple looks exactly the same as on the day I first saw it, yet still Pauline trembles, and not from veneration, but fear!

"How sorry I am I cannot conquer this cowardly emotion.—Why do I fancy

the temple gloomy?—The sun shines brightly on it; and the river painted with the blue of heaven.—Why, to my eyes, do its waters appear to roll so mournfully?—Is it, that they bring reproaches from Isenberg for giving way to childish apprehensions of I know not what?—But I will not yield to this weakness—I will stay till summoned to dinner as a punishment for indulging idle fancies instead of sober reflections. Suppose that painted druid was really the apparition of Sir Launcelot—what is there in that venerable countenance—those mild eyes—and that benignant smile, to engender black ideas?—does it not rather look like the presiding genius of the grove, offering protection, affection, and advice?—Great God—it moves towards me—Heavens!

"Blush Pauline, blush, at fleeing, with senseless terror, from what you might

have contemplated with pleased curiosity.—Ah, mamma, what do you think, after all, of the Druid's picture covering a door in the interior of the temple, which leads to an open corridor, formed with the trunks of trees not stripped of their bark!—It was no doubt one of the servants, perhaps the gardener, who gave apparent animation to the figure itself, by opening this unthought of entrance: whoever it was, they left it in that state; for, when I entered it just now, I was presented with a scene so cheering and animated, that whenever I again feel disposed to give way to depression of spirits, I shall open this door of communication!"

"Another day, and no study, no practice; this is the last day of idleness, mamma; to-morrow your Pauline shall become a rational being. She may promise it; for she can now think of Sir

Launcelot's dying moments with calmness, and contemplate the benign form of the Druid without fear.

"Ah! what a beautiful swan!—How gracefully he dances on the undulating stream!—pretty fellow! to-morrow I will bring you bread.—He turns his head on one side, as if listening to what I am saying—how haughtily he quits the bank—how majestically he ploughs the water, and erects his head, and swells his downy plumes!—I will encourage him to visit me in this retreat."

"I have fed my swan, and he appears, mamma, quite grateful.—There he goes! but unwillingly; he now merely floats with the current: yesterday he bounded forward, dashing the water behind him, as if indignant at the sorry welcome I had given him.—Ah! he makes to an height—how could that sweet little islet escape my notice before—what delight I

should feel to ferry over to it, and repose beneath those flowering shrubs, or under those drooping willows which wave their flexile branches over the slow receding stream!—Some person is at this moment, mamma, passing across the water to it.—What an easy, pleasant contrivance, is the method of doing so!—The distance from the lawn to the height is short enough to admit of a rope being fastened to a tree in each, and, by moving the hand upon that rope, the boat is moved backwards and forwards at pleasure, with the greatest ease. I must take a nearer view—but, hark!—a bell! —the dinner bell!

"And have I been idling away another morning?—Oh! Pauline, Pauline, is this your resolution—is this keeping in mind the wishes and advice of your dear mamma—your revered Monsieur Delmond? What would they say at a week thus passed—thus irretrievably

—No—not irretrievably lost, if your self-reproving daughter doubles, by two-fold diligence, the one that is coming. This will your Pauline faithfully perform: she here records the sacred promise, and may the Druid receive her with a frown if she break it."

"The swan has received his offering, and I have turned my back upon the proud pleasure he is exhibiting by his raised wings, and frequent circlings, to give, in the native tongue of my indulgent tutor, Monsieur Delmond, an account I last night read of the sagacity, adventurous spirit, and nautical skill displayed by a large part of his species in their frequent and long voyages.

"Would you believe, mamma, but to you perhaps it may not be new, the greater part of this species are citizens of the world, and wander from one part of the globe to the other, so judiciously directing their visits to the different quar-

ters, as to enjoy, in each, the bountie peculiar to their different climes!

"In the warm atmosphere of Egypt they wisely take refuge, during the winter, from the ice-bound rivers of the North; and find in the tufted sides of the extensive lakes of Menzolé and Bour'los a rich supply of roots and seeds, from their capacious bosoms, plants of various kinds. At the approach of spring, they form into vast armies, ranged into rank and file, like soldiers in the field. Each file sometimes extending a quarter of a league in length.

"The van of these armies terminates a point, like the prow of a vessel, and, till the leaders give the signal for taking wing, these birds steadily keep their post, even in a stormy sea, yielding with graceful skill to the impetuous impulse of the waves, as they at one moment suspend them, apparently, on the edge of a liquid precipice, and in the next, plunge them into a deep abyss!

"When all are ready, the leaders give the cry which commands their departure: in an instant they soar aloft with out-stretched plumes, and again form themselves into a triangular body, that with more facility their dashing strokes may cleave the yielding air. When fatigued with their aerial voyage, they commit themselves to the buoyant waves, and calmly float, or vigorously swim, on the bold surface of the mighty deep, till they reach the shores of the Mediterranean. After a short stay, they once more renew their voyage, cross Asia Minor, and again repose on the borders of the Black Sea. In this delightful climate they refesh themselves till the approach of summer, from whose threatening heats they fly, to lave their snowy breasts in the sacred rivers of the North.*

* The Laplanders hold their lakes so sacred, that they will not allow the least dirt to be thrown into them.

"Those who direct their course to the rugged rocks and snow-capt mountains of Lapland, no sooner appear within sight of its simple inhabitants, than they are hailed with enthusiastic rapture, as the harbingers of summer! Sweet to the long suffering Laplander is the note which announces, that the icy reign of winter is expiring; that the long, long polar night, must yield the sovereignty, for many a gay revolving month, to the all-cheering sun!

When these wonderful navigators

"Between their white wings mantling proudly row
"Their state with oary feet."

adown the rose-fringed banks of Tenglio, which winds its silver stream near the fairy mountain of Niemi, the grateful and rejoicing Laplander gives to their shrill cry, all the harmony of his own cheered bosom, comparing it to

the melody drawn from a fine Cremona by a master's hand!

"In fact, though nothing can be less tuneful than the cry of the swan, yet 'tones, which awake the native voice of 'undissembled joy," must ever be musical to the soul.

As spring and autumn are seasons unknown in Lapland, these birds, to the rude capacity of the natives, must appear to bring the summer with them; for—"intelligent of seasons,"—they time their appearance amongst them, in the short interval allowed by Nature, between the cold of winter and the heat of summer; and may well cause those children of simplicity and superstition to believe, that at their approach, tyrant winter instantly quits his "throne of cerulean ice"—the imprisoned rivers burst their frozen bonds—the fields throw off their hoary garments—and the vegetable

world awakens from its deathy sleep to deck the earth with herbs and fruits, and verdant pastures!

"Then the reanimated natives prepare, under the guardianship of the mountain spirits of Niemi,* who rise from the lake in robes of mist, and with propitious care hover over their employment, to draw from its pure waters their long untasted treasures."

"In this fit resort for fairies and genii, the swans take up their luxurious abode, gamboling beneath the cool shade of the willow, or reposing on *beds of roses*, which beautify and perfume its banks."*

* It is said, that the vapours which arise from the lake are supposed by the Laplanders to be mountain spirits, to which they give the name of Haltios.

† Maupertius decribes the river Tenglio in Lapland as fringed with roses of as lively red as any that are to be met with in European gardens.

The horror under which Madame Isenberg had begun to peruse this long concealed journal of her Pauline, gradually gave way to the delight with which she traced the innocent mind it so interestingly developed. In the pride and pleasure of finding her child so worthily employing the first days of her absence from her, she for a moment lost the apprehension that something yet remained to be told which might annihilate the maternal joy, what she had hitherto learnt was calculated to awaken.

My favorite swan continues regularly to visit the Druid's bank, at the hour first tacitly agreed on between us; for, if I am a little later than the time appointed, I find him impatiently riding the swelling stream; if on the contrary I am too early, (which is the case today) he soon appears with full-plumed wings, breasting the flood with eager

but majestic strokes. Aye, go, go thy way, my noble fellow, that I may not be diverted from the task of translating an apologue given me by Lady Aberdale."

I am so vexed, mamma, so cruelly vexed, that I have scarcely noticed my poor swan. I yesterday flattered myself that I should this morning finish the group of shells that I began at Isenberg. I left it in my porte-fuille, which I always keep in one of the niches of the temple. This niche serving for the repository of all my drawing implements, as the other does for my books, but no where can I find it. I have even searched the books one by one—my porte-fuille over and over again—where can it be?—where can I look for it? Your Pauline, in the pride of success, had set her heart upon shewing it this afternoon to Lady Aberdale, as a convincing proof that she has not passed her time in absolute idleness.

I am weak enough to feel tears of vexation fill my eyes, and it is with difficulty I check them in their course—but I will check them—my dear mamma would blame me if I did not; and am I not acting under her guardian eye?—Ah! let me not forget that she is present to my mind. I hear her maternal voice kindly but seriously admonishing me to turn to my piano-forte, and endeavour, by making myself mistress of the cadence she wished me to introduce in her favorite air of "Ye sacred Priests," to banish the regret the loss of my drawing has occasioned me. Dear mamma, I hasten to obey you.

And am I so childish as to suffer a trifling disappointment to enervate my spirits! I cannot believe myself to be so very, very irrational; yet, as I live, I thought I heard an accompanying instrument while I was practising! So clear, so distinct its notes, that I turned

round, expecting to see the musician at my side. It cannot be, that the theft of my drawing has occasioned this overpowering alarm: and yet, what can it be but overpowering alarm that thus deceives my senses, if they are deceived. Still, were it fear, should I not flee, instead of detailing this incident to you? Should I not dread again to touch the instrument? I do certainly dread calling forth its tones, but it is an apprehension which yields to a stronger impulse—an impulse which irresistibly impells me once more to try your cadence. And once more I have heard the touching expression of those tones which directed me through that sweet, and till now, to me, difficult passage. I am afraid to stay, yet want resolution to go: would I were safe in the chateau!"

Strange and new are the emotions which the sublime strains I yesterday heard have created in my soul; yet they

are noble emotions, for they elevate while they overawe, and have given me courage to return as usual to this haunt of the invisible musician.

Your Pauline, mamma, cannot deny that, on again entering the temple, she felt a reverential tremor shake her whole frame, as if approaching the presence of some supernatural power. Spirit of the good—inestimable husband of her friend! spread thy protecting influence over her favourite, whilst she searches through thine own sacred temple for the intruding harmonist, to whose sweet notes her charmed senses have given more than mortal skill!

Vainly has she sought—nothing living has met her enquiring eye—no sound has reached her attentive ear—and again your Pauline is seized with the same irresistible impulse to challenge, by a repetition of the air, a return of those aerial sounds which, by giving

wings to her imagination, have opened other mind a new creation.

Twice have I approached the instrument, and have as often shrunk from it, unable to bear the visionary expectation, though I desire it with a restless, a thrilling impatience.—Once again curiosity conquers fear.—

Again the same enchanting melody has breathed upon my delighted senses! What mixed sensations weigh upon my mind! Vague fears, vague forms, vague ideas, crowd upon it, and oppress it with awe, curiosity, and doubt!

I dare not mention the Druid's temple to Lady Aberdale, or, by enquiries amongst the servants, risk giving birth to a superstition respecting their late master, which might both offend and pain their lady.

To my own bosom then must I confine this mysterious incident, and judge of it by my own reason.

Your Pauline, mamma, is no longer sensible of the least fear in visiting this temple. A solemn impression of pleasure and reverence is the only feeling that prevails during the hours she passes in it—where the heavenly harmonist is for ever near, and for ever invisible—constantly the subject of your Pauline's thoughts, and her enquiring reflections, she thinks she may rest upon the delightful belief, that it is some gentle spirit propitiously inclined to watch over her inexperienced steps. That at the appointed time it descends on a sunbeam to blend the music of the spheres with her humble notes, and takes a pure pleasure in thus rousing a filial emulation in her bosom, to become all her excellent mother wishes her to be.

Ah! what a beautiful shell lies there! and near, an exquisitely finished copy of it! On the margin of the paper is written "The Music Shell." By what

virtue has your Pauline merited the friendship of a spiritual power? How her bosom swells with gratitude and affection, with pride and pleasure, that a pure spirit should beneficently bow to earth, invisibly, to join in her amusements, and assist in her improvement.

Ah, Pauline! may not vanity warp your judgment into attributing to supernatural agency what proceeds, perhaps, from the simple attentions of a mortal? Lady Aberdale might—no, she would not enter this place. But she has possibly ordered the shell to be brought here by a servant. Of this I can soon gain a certainty; for without mentioning particulars, or making a direct enquiry, I can ask her, whether she had ever made the collecting of shells an amusement.

I have again given pain to the friend for whose happiness I would make many

and severe sacrifices. Lady Aberdale, with that sweetness of temper which never forsakes her, went to the late Sir Launcelot's study, and returning with an afflicted countenance, gave into my hands a box, on which was written "Shells." Sighing deeply, she said, "I have never opened them, and am wholly ignorant of the study to which they belong; but if they can in any degree contribute to your pleasure or instruction, I shall not regret the effort I have made over my own feelings."

I kissed her hand in silence, for mine were too painfully reproachful to allow me to answer; and hurried from her presence, to hide in this retreat the present it had cost her so much to procure me. But your Pauline is too truly grieved to feel inclination or resolution to examine her acquisition: she must invoke the soothing influence of her aerial minstrel before she attempts it.

Sweet musician! what power thy magic melody possesses over the finest feelings of thy pupil's heart! Shall I ever behold thee in thy brightness? Shall I ever hear thy voice of sweetness, pleasant as the gale of spring that sighs on the shepherd's ear, when he wakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill!

Your Pauline will, she is certain, surprise you by her improvement in your favorite accomplishment. She begins to catch the fire, to feel the pathos, and to acquire some of the grace and expression of the beneficent sylph, who for ever hovers over her with directing care.

My poor swan! have you been waiting with unnoticed impatience for the bread I have unkindly forgotten. I will fetch you some this instant.—

And now for the shells; what a treasure they will prove! How delightfully

will they adorn a cabinet at Isenberg, which I will have made; and how greatly will the copies of them enrich my porte-feuille and claim the dearer treasure of your valued praise, my dear mamma!

Alas! I am fated to meet with nothing but disappointment in my wished-for progress in drawing! I had opened the box with the delighted expectation of finding shells of greater variety, and at least equal beauty with the music shell, which had been so mysteriously presented me. Guess the vexed surprise with which, on the contrary, I beheld nothing but a parcel of coarse dusky shells, mostly of a dirty brown, and not one worth preserving, either for beauty or curiosity!

Pauline reprobates the discontent with which she yesterday quitted the temple. A discontent, that merited not

the beautiful sight which presented itself on her re-entering it this morning. She can find no expressions adequate to the describing the effect produced on her mind, on beholding the rustic table covered with the most elegant shells she had ever seen, intermixed with those over which she had lately indulged so repining a spirit.

All around her is enchantment, every day brings with it some subject to convey to her mind either astonishment, knowledge, or admiration. The shells, mamma, which now exhibit to my wondering eyes such elegant forms, such lovely colours, such brilliant coats, are the same, the very same, given me by Lady Aberdale! A writing, lying beside them, has explained the cause of their surprising transformation, and a specimen of each shell in its natural state is placed next those which have been polished by art! Yes; they lie

thus arranged before me, with the different degrees of polish given to each, described in these words.—

This Onyx or Volute, amiable Pauline, you will perceive is provided by the hand of Nature with a rustic coat of common brown. Turn to its neighbour, and you will observe it presents to the eye a dress of the purest yellow, from merely being divested of its superfices. A higher degree of polish has, in the next, changed the robe of yellow, to one of the purest white, tipt with violet.

The Auris Marino, when cleared of its coarse and dusky surcoat, recommends itself by a modest brown without, and a delicate pearl-colour within. A bolder hand draws into notice variegations of black and green, and when once again submitted to the hand of skill, it is divested of these colours, and becomes both externally and internally of a fine pearly hue.

The Burgau's sombre complexion assumes, by the aid of art, the gay character of the Paroquet, till the eroding spirit of aquafortis softens its livery of red and green into the elegance and simplicity of the Pearl.

The Jonquil Chama, though naturally robed in white, yet bears on its reticulated countenance a forbidding harshness, but, submitted to the hand of power, it smooths the austerity of its front, and shines forth in a bright and smiling yellow.

Many of these shells are rendered thus beautiful, by merely rubbing them with the hand, or with a piece of soft chamois leather, dipt in tripoli. This operation requires great skill and delicacy; for, on some of them, their lines are so nicely pencilled on the surface only, that the slightest touch, injudiciously applied, defaces them.

Those of a hard and crusty nature

demand the penetrating spirit of aqua-fortis, before they become susceptible of the refining hand of taste; while others, of a more impenetrable character, yield only to the exertions of the file.

View, Pauline, in these different specimens of the rough and polished shells, types of the human mind, to the just developement of whose qualities, the *judicious* as well as the *correcting* hand is required.

To perfect his work, the master must know when to use the eroding spirit of wisdom—when to apply the smoothing hand of gentleness—which calls for the file of severity—which needs only the delicate touch of the polisher!

Let us suppose each of these shells possessing traits of character, marked by their ramifying veins, and varying colours; all alike capable of being brought to light at the pleasure of those into whose hands they chance to fall.

In the same manner are the embrio treasures of the unpolished mind susceptible of developement and improvement, if attempted under the experienced eye of wisdom, which knows well to distinguish those, whose virtues and mental qualities lie near the surface. Like the Tiara, which requires only the light touch of the polishing leather to perfect the display of all its beautiful characteristics, from those, whose high gifts are so encrusted by reserve or diffidence, as to lie deeply hidden; and consequently demand a penetrating and persevering *spirit* to disclose their buried excellence.

In a third class, the virtues conceal themselves under so thick and rugged an exterior, that unless patience is called to the assistance of skill and judgment, the *file* either mars what it was intended to embellish, or they remain for ever entombed—lost to the admiration their unadorned merit might have claimed.

In developing the beauties of your mind, Pauline, nature was assisted, not forced; and the high degree of polish they exhibit, is the result of gentle feelings which give to your voice its attractive harmony!—Of refined sentiments, which throw over every feature a soul-speaking grace! and of sensibility, which gives to suffering virtue the tear of pity; that gem! to whose mild lustre, as it softly trembles on their dewy lids, your eyes, owe their most fascinating effulgence!

Thus richly endowed by nature, and tenderly polished by those who happily tempered power with affection, and skill with delicacy, shrink not, Pauline, from those less fortunate beings, whose innate virtues wear not so perfect an outward form, but, corrected by the hasty judgment you erroneously passed on the rough treasures of the sea, when they first met your disappointed eye, make it in future a pleasure and a duty.—

"To pierce through modesty's involving veil,
And mark the features of the God-like mind,
Snatch genius pining from the cottage dale,
Or, feeling, wake to transports all refin'd."

"Excellent Lady Aberdale!" ejaculated the Baroness, who doubted not but the transformation of the shells had been effected by the intervention of that friend, for the double purpose of gratifying Pauline, and at the same time affording an opportunity of delicately conveying the instructive lesson she had with so much approbation herself perused.

The questions, however, contained in the next paragraph of the journal, staggered this belief; and the momentary delight with which she had dwelt on it became disturbed, as she continued to read.—

Can the heavenly harmonist, and this no less interesting moralist, be one and the same?—And can your Pauline be an object of protection and affection to such a being? Her mind becomes bewildered when she dwells upon these mysterious circumstances; and when she asks herself, whether it be rational to believe that spirits of the air would quit their halcyon abode to partake in the earthly amusements of a mortal, she blushes at her presumption and folly in believing it possible! and, if possible, that Pauline should be that favoured one!—Yet she has read of good spirits who are permitted to hover round the residence which was dear to them when embodied in a human form. Why then may not the late owner of this domain take pleasure in spreading his protecting influence over all who breathe the same air with the dear source and partner of his mortal joys?—No; a voice seems

to whisper, that it is not *his* spirit which, with the tender solicitude of a fellow-being, quits the pure ether of the skies to breathe the atmosphere which surrounds Pauline. Is it then of a different order of spirits from those which once inhabited this world?—But endless are the suggestions to which these self-enquiries give rise.

While Madame Isenberg, from a dread of what the next page might present, pauses for a few minutes over the journal, let us remark that delicacy having forbidden Pauline's communicating to her hostess the mysterious circumstances, as she believed them, which had befallen her in her favorite retreat: she could not profit from the good sense and penetration of her respectable friend, who would have found *natural* causes, by which to explain

them. Those acquainted with the human heart cannot, therefore, be surprised that a girl of fifteen, whose imagination was just opening to the pleasures of enthusiasm, should find ample food for it in incidents so questionable as those which had occurred to her; and that, blending them with the tales of the nursery, not yet worn from her mind by reflection, she should have indulged in the belief that an invisible spirit inhabited the temple.

The paying greater homage to an unseen than to a familiar power, is inherent in man; and the solemn swell of mind—the elevation of soul—the awful curiosity it creates, inspires an enthusiasm which throws a sublime—a tremendous charm around its visionary mansion. To Pauline, however, all that was tremendous in this charm, was softened by the seducing idea, that she was the peculiar care of this benevolent

spirit; an idea which filled her grateful bosom with mixed sensations of admiration, wonder, love, and confidence. But the continuance of her journal will best describe the effects of these highly-wrought sensations.

With what self-sufficiency did your Pauline begin this journal, confident of having nothing to record but well-spent hours, nothing to expect but well-merited praise. How has she fallen from her self-raised pre-eminence! Conscious as she is of having done so, with what courage can she present to the dear parent, to whom they were dedicated, tablets which reflect, as in a faithful mirror, the actions of her erring child?

Oh, mamma! I had promised Lady Aberdale, on her first permitting me to

pass my mornings in the Druid's temple, never to venture very close to the river which runs near it, and I have done worse than broken my word! In the present nervous state of her health, I dare not risk alarming her by confessing the imminent danger to which my breach of faith has exposed me.—Yet I will inflict on myself the merited punishment of entering it in my journal.—Yes, the fault of your poor Pauline shall meet your reproving eye.

Yesterday, I for the first time visited, of an evening, the Druid's temple. Not having seen my favourite swan in the morning as usual, I apprehended that some accident must have befallen him, which induced me to stroll to my solitary study, while Lady Aberdale was engaged with some casual visitors, in the hope of finding him sailing on the river, or gamboling near the height. After vainly watching for him a considerable

time, I know not how it happened, but the spirit of enterprize suddenly instigated me to venture across the ferry, which divides the lawn below from the swan's isle, for the purpose of ascertaining my pet's safety, and carrying him the bread I imagined some accident must have prevented his claiming at the usual hour. This thought took such entire possession of me, that I never once recollected the promise which forbade it. I have already described the easy method by which the gardener passed over to the little island: this facility I believe first put it into my head to be guilty of the imprudence of embarking alone. Smoothly and pleasantly I glided to the woody islet, landed triumphantly, and hastened forward, too much pleased with my prowess to think of my breach of faith, and little doubting of a grateful welcome from my favorite. He caught the sound of my footsteps almost as soon

as they touched the earth, and we advanced towards each other with equal alacrity: the swan as he approached testifying, as I then thought, impatient delight at the sight of me.—Impatient he was; but his open bill and outspread wings soon taught me to know it proceeded not from joy, but anger, at my presuming to intrude within the sacred precincts of his downy nestlings! Before I could flee, he had seized my clothes with his iron bill; and extending his tremendous wings, would no doubt have punished my temerity with their fatal strength, if a voice, in the very moment he was going to strike, had not called to him in a tone of determined authority. At the sound, the before furious bird loosed his hold, closed his wings, and rested at my feet in tame submission!

Your terrified Pauline waited not to ascertain to whom she was indebted for

her rescue, but fled precipitately back to the river. What was her terror and dismay on reaching it, to find the boat was gone! Oh, mamma! I had neglected to fasten it on disembarking, and it had been carried away by the stream. I now fixed my eyes in wistful despair on the lawn I had so rashly quitted; and scarcely can I determine which most forcibly operated on my feelings at that moment, terror of the bird, or a discovery to Lady Aberdale of this imprudent and blameable frolic! The effect of both combined had nearly overpowered me, when the same voice which had called to the bird, by entreating me in a softened tone, to compose my hurried spirits, and rest confidently on the sloping bank, till the loss of my boat could be supplied by one which was moored in a little creek not far distant, made me turn towards the speaker. It was a youth, who, per-

ceiving that I hesitated, reiterated his request, adding, with encreasing earnestness, "Believe me, you have nothing farther to apprehend from the bird, or I would not, by leaving you, again expose you to his fury: in a few minutes I will return, and conduct you in safety to the opposite side."

I soon after observed him rowing towards me in his little bark: on its touching the borders of the height, I now remember it with shame at my ungraciousness. Without giving him time to quit it for my assistance, I sprang into it; and in silence we passed the stream. In my joy at again reaching the lawn, I, with equal inattention to my kind preserver, leaped from the boat before he could step from it, and, without once looking back, ran to the Druid's temple. I there first became sensible of my unthankful conduct towards one, to whom I was so much obliged, and casting my

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eyes upon the river, I perceived him with brisk strokes rowing wide of the island. His not returning across the ferry, suddenly recalled to my mind, that the boat belonging to it had been drifted with the current. As this circumstance presented itself to my memory, the pleasure of feeling myself once more in safety was lost in the revived fear of having to terrify Lady Aberdale by the discovery which the loss of the bark must infallibly occasion. With tearful eyes your Pauline again approached that part of the lawn which was level with the water, and anxiously examined whether, happily, the bark might have been stopped by one of the many projections which vary the beauty of the bordering river; but no such desirable object met her eager eyes, to realize the hope that she had indulged of finding it, and getting it conducted back to its usual station before it could be missed.

She was returning with a bosom oppressed with painful disappointment, when her ears received the sound of paddling oars. With trembling hope of she knew not what, your Pauline suddenly stopped, turned towards the lawn, and perceived the same kind youth, who had rescued her from the offended swan, bearing in tow the little boat. Oh! mamma! she could have fallen down and worshipped him as her good genius, when she saw that he had actually fastened it to its allotted stake. Yet she let him depart a second time, without thanking him! But, notwithstanding her ingratitude, it was with a smile, she thought, she still thinks, the most benevolently graceful she ever beheld, that he kissed his hand and pushed from the shore. Now it was that your Pauline repented her want of presence of mind, as she watched with emotions of deep regret, the receding

boat, and when she could no longer see it, became sensible that harrassed spirits give to joy all the effect of grief; for when he had entirely disappeared, her tears were bitter as those shed at the departure of a friend. I shall never see him more, greatly as I wish to repair my rudeness towards him; for had he been a person living in this neighbourhood, he would have appeared long ere this among the visitors of Lady Aberdale, with the most distinguished of whom he is evidently entitled to rank. No, I shall never see him more! and there is something peculiarly affecting in these words, connected too with a person from whom one has received the most essential service! I cannot help repeating them with encreasing regret, when I consider that I have lost the only opportunity I shall ever have of paying him the poor meed I owe him—my thanks. Yet of what value would they be to him? None! but they would at least have

proved me to be neither ill-bred nor unfeeling; both of which he must now think me.

It is a very singular circumstance, that, when my deliverer was present, I did not take the least notice of his person; but now that I see him no longer, and many hours have passed since we parted, he returns upon my memory as one particularly indebted to Nature, if a judgment can be formed from the sweetness and intelligence of his physiognomy.

Although I should never see him more, his voice of sympathy, and his intuitive anticipation of my anxious desire that the boat should be brought back, will fix him for ever in my grateful memory! The dinner bell chides me for having spent this whole morning in recapitulating circumstances, to which I ought never to have given rise.

Alas! your Pauline is in despair, she has lost the invisible harmonist. The beneficent spirit, she ought rather to say, which gave an interest to this retreat, it will never more possess.

I have played the air, which heretofore instantly called forth its heavenly notes, over and over again in my very best manner, but silence seems to mock my anxiously expecting senses.

Have I offended this unseen power, by neglecting, in the relation of my faults, two days since, to pay it its usual homage? Return, gentle spirit, in thy song, and soothe my disconsolate heart with strains of forgiveness. No; silent are those sweet sounds which pleased and instructed me! Lost are those interesting moments, which threw an enchanting pleasure over my days—a magic charm over the scenes around! All is become a desert, and I feel a more fearful awe from the solitude and silence

which again prevails, than when it was first broken by the solemn melody of the aerial musician.

I now frequently pass by the Druid's temple to repose on the velvet lawn which slopes to the river, opposite the height, sometimes reading, sometimes working, but more frequently watching the river which bathes my verdant seat, and then rolls on its destined course. Through how many scenes must it have passed: how many more will it embellish, ere it is swallowed up by some mightier stream!

The swan inspires me with so much dread, that I never seek the lawn till I have first fed, and seen him depart from the eminence on which the temple stands, when I consider myself secure for the morning; but just now he thought proper to pay me a second vi-

sit, and at my new haunt too: I fled, however, before he had landed.

There he goes again; what can that be he so gracefully winds around his snowy neck? It is—it must be—it is—I see it plainly now, it is a handkerchief I was working for you, my mother; I must have dropped it in the grass, and he has robbed me of it! Nothing but vexation and gloom meet me in my visits here since I have lost my aerial friend. I believe I shall forsake it altogether for another summer-house higher up: yes, I certainly will collect my several instruments and have them carried there tomorrow.

I have changed my mind respecting the exchanging my present study for the one I yesterday thought of. I have examined it, and find it every way inferior to this: it is impossible to catch

even a glimpse of the islet which forms the great beauty of this part of the river, and is such a sweet interesting object from the Druid's fane, and, being at a greater distance from the water, it does not, like this latter, remind me of the scenes around the Pagode des Bains at dear Isenberg. Besides, I begin to be reconciled to it again, since I have summoned resolution to commence copying those shells, whose magic transformation was so elegantly made to convey instruction.—I blush at having so long neglected to shew my gratitude for the pleasure they afforded me, both in themselves, and as a medium of advice.

Your Pauline has been so vexed, so affected, so interested, by a scene she witnessed some days since, that her eyes again fill with tears, as memory recals it. I had wandered alone a considerable distance beyond the summer-

house, to which I had some idea of removing, when I suddenly came upon a ragged, rosy cherub, scarcely four years of age, and caught her in the very act of stealing wood. At sight of me the interesting little culprit dropped her bundle, and made off as fast as her pudsey feet would carry her, often looking back in terror at her pursuer; for I pursued with the intention of removing her fears, and indemnifying her for the deprivation of her booty. In one of those moments, when she was fearfully measuring with her eye how much ground I had gained upon her, she tottered, lost her balance, and rolled down a slope of considerable height. I flew after her, and was delighted to find that she felt no other ill effects from her accident than an accession of fear, for her round plump form, happily yielding with the helplessness of infancy to the fall, had bowled in safety to the bottom.

The screams of the child brought from a cottage, imperfectly seen through trees, the alarmed mother, whose terrors I hastened to relieve, and afterwards accompanied her to her cot. There was exhibited to my view, a beautiful group of four infant sorrowers,—all older than the baby thief,—all clean and healthy—surrounding a little ewe lamb, which they were earnestly, but vainly, coaxing to drink milk from a bowl, which two of them were holding to her. The tender epithets they repeatedly attempted to bestow on this favorite, as an encouragement to eat, were so continually interrupted by sighs and sobs, that, unable to comprehend the cause of such deep distress, I enquired of the mother whether the pretty fondling was ill. "Ah, no!" said the poor woman, casting a look of tender sympathy, first upon the youthful mourners, and then on the object of my enquiry.—"No, she

is not ill; she is sold, and this evening, immediately, the butcher—." At this name of terror she was checked in her answer by the sweet innocents, who uttering a cry, and throwing themselves in an agony of grief upon their long cherished play-fellow, vented to the unconscious victim all the pity of their untutored hearts; anxiously and fondly entreating her to accept what was most valuable to them, their supper, which they said they should never enjoy more when she was gone. It was sometime before your Pauline could sufficiently conquer the affecting emotions caused by this pathetic display of native feeling, to assure them that she possessed the power and the will to remove this cause of sorrow from their good little bosoms. Yet in spite of her endeavours to persuade them that their favorite should not be taken from them, instead of running to her in a transport of joy, as the author

of such unlooked for happiness, they continued half incredulous, and evidently far from relieved from the apprehension which had made them forget even the cravings of nature. At length, however, her repeated promises made them wipe the tears from their eyes and cheeks; then heaving a deep sigh, they with a hungry avidity, more affecting than even the sensibility they had just evinced, devoured the contents of the bowl which their well-fed pet had refused. Scarcely had they finished it, when the arrival of the dreaded butcher again renewed their fears. They threw on me a look of distrust, and all immediately rallied around the lamb. Little Unna clasped her arms about its woolly neck, and leaned her cheek, glowing with anger, on the snowy fleece of its head, while her tears coursed each other over the mild dark eyes of the innocent animal. The boys placed themselves at

its side, in an attitude of defiance, but the two elder girls stood in front, spreading their little petticoats, to hide it from the hated giant who now stalked into the cabin.

The man was at first disposed to be jocose on the tender farewells he expected to witness, till, seeing me, he checked his bantering, and was prevailed on to receive the present I offered, in lieu of the fulfilment of the bargain. As soon as he had quitted the cot, peace was really restored, and on my giving the elder boy money to purchase a more substantial supper, the little party set off for the village: Unna riding on the lamb, the boys leading it with one hand, while with the other they flourished sticks in token of victory, and the girls gathering wild flowers as they walked, to string a garland for their pet, when they should in triumph pass the butcher's dwelling.

The subsiding of this agitation, and the absence of the children, enabled your Pauline to learn from their sad mother the particulars of her situation. It is indeed a melancholy one. The failure of their small crops, sorrow, and its attendant sickness, had reduced them to the necessity of parting by degrees with their sheep, one by one; they were reluctantly sold off, till this alone was left. This pet lamb, "The last of all my flock," said the poor creature, "I had struggled to preserve, that I might not grieve my children."—Want, however, had made of late such rapid strides towards her humble roof, that, leaving her no longer a choice, the poor animal had that morning been doomed to slaughter, and it was with the intention of warming his milk for him, under the idea that it was the last kindness they could ever shew him, that poor little Unna had stolen away to gather sticks.

My very soul was penetrated with pity for this unfortunate family, and I assured the poor woman I would acquire for her the protection of Lady Aberdale. Since that day I have been chiefly employed in procuring comforts for my little family, which, by filling up my time, has greatly contributed to reconcile me to the desertion of my aerial musician.

The very next day, I selected a few things from my own wardrobe to make up for Unna, till an opportunity offers Lady Aberdale, for sending some one to purchase the necessary articles for new cloathing the whole family, which she has undertaken to do. Depositing them in the Temple, I proceeded to the cottage, where I was received with a delight which instantly communicated itself to my own bosom. I carried back my little favorite with me, and, treating her with fruit, soon won her to fa-

miliarity, in which she has displayed so much native archness and sense, that I feel determined, if I can render it an amusement to her, to make the instructing her in reading one to myself.

Oh, mamma! all the charms of my temple are restored! Had I before entertained any doubts that a beneficent spirit invisibly fills with its mysterious presence this hallowed fabric, the incidents of this morning would have wholly removed them. Since to that aerial being, who finds happiness in doing good, and in watching over your Pauline, she is convinced she is indebted for the reward of her resignation and the marked approbation of her conduct, which greeted her on visiting it this morning.

The first object which met her sight, was the handkerchief the swan had stolen from her some time since: she

seized it with pleasure, and discovered a basket filled—with what, mamma?—"Shells?"—no.—"Coral and sea-weed?"—no.—"Flowers and fruit?" I think I hear you say. "No, no, mamma: the basket contained coarser, but more acceptable articles. It contained a small assortment of nicely made wearing apparel, directed in the hand of the moralist, "For Pauline's Unna!"

While she was admiring their suitableness and neatness, that music, so long so deeply regretted, burst upon her pleased but astonished senses!

A courier had that very evening arrived at Lady Aberdale's with a letter, informing them that the Baron had been dangerously wounded in hunting the wild boar. It was his wish, therefore, that Pauline should immediately return to Isenberg. In consequence of this intelligence, her ladyship set off early the

next morning, accompanied by her afflicted charge; who, amidst the hurry and anxiety in which the short time she continued at Rhonburg was passed, totally forgot her journal, which she had left the morning before locked up in a niche in the Druid's temple; nor was it till after the recovery of her father that it occurred to her memory. When it did so, she meditated on relating the particulars it contained to her mother; but whenever she was about to begin the recital, a reluctance, for which she found it impossible to account, ever checked her; and, in the end, she determined on waiting till her next visit to the temple should enable her to repossess herself of her journal, which she felt persuaded she should without hesitation submit to the eye of Madame Isenberg.

In the bosom of her family, and particularly in her restoration to the gay so-

ciety of young persons of her own age, Pauline gradually lost much of that enthusiasm which had been nursed in the solitude of Rhonburg; and with it had also faded in a great degree the animated impression made on her young mind by the stranger of the isle. It was with spirits much more in unison with Carenthéa's than she found them on her first return to Isenberg, that, some months after her father's recovery, she accompanied Lady Aberdale and her family to Munich, for the purpose of witnessing the festival of Corpus Christi, then on the eve of celebration. A spectacle singular in character, form, and ceremony.

The rank of her noble parents, and their long favor with the elector and his royal consort, entitled their daughters to the distinguished reception given them by their serene highnesses, and insured Lady Aberdale the same gracious reception.

As it is customary for the elector and electress to officiate in person at this ceremony, they appointed a lady of the court, the Countess de Thirheim, to do the honours to the family of Isenberg; the daughters of whose house formed a picture no less attractive to the nobles, by whom they were surrounded, than did the festival to their youthful eyes. The many thousands of which the procession consisted, with the variety and novelty of the characters exhibited in it, could not fail to amuse minds accustomed to the uniform tenor of a retired life.

All the orders exercising handicraft trades led the way, with no small degree of state, having rich flags borne before them.

Immediately after followed the members of the convent of Jesuits, preceding those of ten other monasteries, in sombre solemnity.

A great number of triumphal cars now appeared, containing groups of beautiful children, superbly dressed, and personifying, with more effect than truth, various characters intended to illustrate some remarkable histories in the sacred writings. At this sight, Carenthéa had exclaimed, "How lovely they are!—how beautifully dressed!—how delightful to be in that car, instead of looking tamely on!—well, I do like to be employed!"

Pauline, on the contrary, thought that her favorite Unna, seated on the pet lamb, led by her brothers, and supported on each side by her sisters, formed in her memory a more interesting groupe, in their peasant garbs, than these finely decked, over-dressed little figures.

Viola was amused with all she saw, but expressed her satisfaction only by wishing that Isidore was present to enjoy with her the varying scene.

Two distinguished figures, habited in

the Roman costuma, personating Saint George and Saint Maurice, next advanced at the head of their respective orders of knighthood. These were splendidly dressed, and included many of the principal noblemen of the court.

The brothers of the convent of Saint Augustine succeeded, and in their train the scholars under their care. As they slowly and solemnly proceeded, Pauline beheld amidst them, with a surprize not wholly free from agitation, the stranger of the isle! As their eyes met, the blush of painful consciousness burnt on Pauline's cheek; who, fancying all eyes directed by those of the stranger, stole a fearful glance at Lady Aberdale and her mother. They were happily engaged in discourse foreign to the subject of her emotion, and she ventured again to turn her regards towards the youth. His were still intently fixed on her, and the rich glow which suffused his counte-

nance, shewed that he recognized her with interest; but, to her great relief, he passed on without any farther effort to claim her notice.

A bow, she immediately after saw him make to a lady not far distant, drew Pauline's attention towards her, and at the same moment she heard her say, (evidently in answer to some question respecting the person whose salutation she had just returned) "It is the amiable Count Adelcour de Mornie, a youth not less the object of my esteem than pity." While Pauline was anxiously attending to catch the conversation to which this profession was likely to give rise, Carenthéa abruptly caught her arm to direct her observation to the patron Saint of their venerable aunt, who now approached. The person who appeared in the character of Saint Marguerite, was a young lady, dressed in a roman habit, and guarded by an enor-

mous dragon, to whose form apparent life was given by two men concealed within it. Singular as were these figures, Pauline saw them not; curiosity to know more of the youth, to whose services she now recollected how greatly she had been obliged, made her for a moment feel displeasure against Carenthéa, for having occasioned her to lose a part of what the lady was saying; whose concluding words, however, struck on her sensibility; and as her mind afterwards dwelt upon them, the compassion they created revived all the interest she had originally felt, when gratitude opened her inexperienced heart to admit his claim to every virtue, because he had relieved her from the dreaded consequences of a youthful frolic.

As the several incidents of that event rose to her memory, she became so absorbed in the retrospection, that the four orders of mendicants, preceding the sacred

Host borne beneath a rich canopy, passed unnoticed, as did likewise the elector, who, with his consort at his left hand, followed immediately after, bearing in their hands lighted tapers. The master of the royal household came next, the whole court following in succession.

The procession was closed by the soldiery, burghers, and peasants; and during its progress it frequently stopped for the clergy to bestow upon the people their benediction.

When Lady Aberdale had nearly lost sight of it, she perceived, among those who were pursuing it, some nice girls, dressed in gowns richly laced before with chains of silver, and bearing round their necks three chains of the same metal. The value of these ornaments led her to enquire of the Baroness, what characters they intended to represent? Madame Isenberg smilingly answered, "Their own; it is the holiday dress of the ser-

vants belonging to the principal inns in this capital.*

After paying their duty to their royal highnesses the Elector and Electress of Bavaria, on the following morning, the family returned to Isenberg, and in a few weeks Pauline once more bade adieu to her home, and accompanied Lady Aberdale to Rhonburg.

There had been moments, while at Isenberg, when her ripening judgment had suggested doubts, whether the invisible harmonist might not prove to be some mortal, who, far from protecting and taking an interest in her, was amusing himself with her credulity, and playing on her feelings. At such times she had started questions to the Baroness on the faith to be placed in supernatural agency. These conversations had, however, only tended to damp the spirit of

* This is an accurate account of the singular festival of Corpus Christi.

investigation which might have led to the truth; for Madame Isenberg, though desirous of discouraging such a belief in her daughter, was not artful enough to conceal that it was her own. Pauline returned therefore to Rhonburg in a disposition to receive the same impressions from her renewed visits to the Druid's temple which had first given it so great a charm.

As Madame Isenberg proceeded in the examination of the second part of the journal, she felt a pang at the conviction that she had, by her ill-veiled opinions in favor of departed spirits revisiting this world and taking an interest in the affairs of mortals, sanctioned a superstition which had perhaps thrown her daughter into the power of a villain.

The next pages of the journal mentioned Pauline's having seen the stranger of the isle at Munich. It then went

on to state, that, soon after her return to Rhonburg, in consequence of an invitation to a farewell entertainment given by Madame de Neiderpleis, (a friend of her hostess) previous to her joining her lord at Vienna, she had spent some time, unaccompanied by her friend, with that lady. Amongst the guests assembled there, she had again seen the youthful stranger, who then claimed her acquaintance, and received those thanks for his former services, of which timidity and alarm had before robbed him. Thus thrown together, they gradually arrived at a footing of intimacy. It appeared that, associating himself in all her amusements, she had become the sole object of his attentions; attentions, it was evident, by the manner in which the unconscious girl described them, that were no less partially received than offered.

They had parted with regret, the youth to return to his college at Munich,

Pauline to Rhonburg. Now it was that her young and romantic mind, on resuming her former morning's employments at the Druid's temple, conceived a new and fascinating idea, which still more attached her to this retreat. That aerial being, whom her fancy had never yet embodied, became associated in her remembrance with the stranger of the isle. The melodious notes of the invisible harmonist reminded her of the sweetness of his voice. His delicate attentions, those of her admired companion.

Thus did the very absence which, under different circumstances, would have effaced him from her mind, tend in her present situation still more deeply to impress him there.

The following paragraph of the journal, written some time after their separation, proves with what tenaciousness she dwelt on his remembrance.

Five long weeks have passed away

since I last saw him!—What an interesting companion was he!—how gentle his manners—how mild—how persuasive his voice!—I have sometimes fancied myself listening to it long after he has quitted me, and as my mind has collected the sense of his observations, I have thought I again heard the tones in which they were expressed—tones, there is no describing! They were not absolutely mournful, yet so nearly approaching it, that now, when I no longer see them accompanied by his serenely happy countenance, the recollection imparts a sadness to my bosom, which I with difficulty conquer.

Soon after these reflections had been inserted, Lady Aberdale, struck with the change which appeared to have taken place in her young guest's disposition, and attributing it to the monotony of her life, with a view to vary it, pro-

jected the excursion to the Tyrol, in which they unfortunately fell into the hands of the Vicompte de Valdore.

Adelcour, then at Rosenheim, became apprized of their intended journey, and secretly resolved, at a distance, to attend them. By doing so, he had witnessed the capture of the ladies, and though accompanied only by a few domestics of his venerable relative, with the inconsiderate and desperate valour of ardent youth, he had madly attempted their rescue.

The result was such as might have been expected. The servants were soon disarmed, and De Mornie carried wounded and bleeding to the cave.

As his hurts were imagined to be more serious than they in reality proved, he had been left so slightly guarded, on the second night, in the cell to which he had been conveyed, that he found the means of accomplishing that, on

which his every thought had been engaged from the moment he was aware that Pauline shared his captivity.

He found his way to her cell with the intention of assuring her his exertions should be unwearied till he had effected her release; but ere she was sufficiently roused to comprehend him, he had been traced by a bandit; in consequence of which, a slight scuffle ensued; but, favored by the extinguishing of the light, Adelcour escaped through the long subterranean avenue, terminating in an aperture which opened at an immense height above the river Inn. Not knowing, in the profound darkness which surrounded him, whither he was hastening, he had been suddenly precipitated through the mouth of this cavernous walk into the water, in which he must have perished, but for the water dog of some fishermen, who were on their return home. The animal

heard the plunge, and leaping into the stream, rescued him from his peril. His masters carried the youth with them to their neighbouring hut, and treated him with kindness during some days of helplessness which followed his accident. Though these men lived on good terms with the banditti, they were too generous to deliver De Mornie into their hands; and from the same feeling opposed his having recourse to justice for the recovery of the fair captives whom he was so desirous of liberating. Yet they recommended his seeking, by stratagem, to effect their escape through the aperture by which he had so unexpectedly accomplished his own.

It was in compliance with this advice, and in the hope of attracting their attention, that Adelcour had stationed himself in a boat lent him by his friendly hosts, beneath the opening, and was

playing a well known and favorite air of Pauline's, when her fall miraculously placed her under his protection.

He immediately conveyed her, (as we have seen) to the convent of Augustines; but was careful not again to appear at its grate, after the arrival of Lady Aberdale, from a desire of concealment. The youth had reason to believe, that if the superior of his convent had entertained any suspicion of the way in which he had, of late, passed his time when out of his immediate jurisdiction, he would not again have permitted his absence from his college: nor did Pauline know till some time after that it was to De Mornie she owed her life, for she had not entirely recovered her senses, when he placed her under the care of the sisters of the Augustines.

The banditti, previous to their secret retreat into Bohemia, had liberated the domestics of Madame de Rosenheim.

* * * * * *

As the period approached for their usual visit to Isenberg, Pauline recalled the remembrance of the resolution she had made, after last leaving her mother, to lay before her, on their next meeting, this journal of her thoughts and actions.

In the determination of passing the morning in carefully revising it, previous to the submitting it to the eyes of the Baroness, she one day, at an earlier hour than usual, entered the Druid's temple, and taking from the niche, in which she generally deposited it, a manuscript resembling her own, she unsuspiciously began the perusal. The date corresponded with that she thought she was about to read, but its words ran thus.

To that being, to whom Adelcour de Mornie owes a new existence, he de-

dicates this *journal of all his thoughts, his words, his deeds*, since the period when a vision was presented to his view, which taught his "Soul to seek a soul!"

In the favorite haunt of my boyish days, in the woody-islet, dependant alike on the estates of Rhonburg and de Rosenheim, he will erect a fane, sacred to her, who is become his destiny; and make it the depository of this faithful transcript of his sentiments, his feelings, and his wishes, till that hour, when he can claim the valued honor of offering it to her for whom it is written. "*Oh! what ecstasy to prove deserving praise from goodness herself!*"

Pauline started at the name of Adelcour, and as she proceeded, looked anxiously around, fearful of meeting some eye archly marking the mockery of this close imitation of her own journal: but on returning to that before her, and con-

sidering the pensiveness of the style, the uneasy suspicion of ridicule which first assailed her subsided, and with encreasing interest she resumed its perusal.

Sweet is the spot on which Adelcour has built his temple, and worthy (if any place can be worthy) of her to whom he has consecrated it. From the eminence on which it stands, it commands a view of Rhonburg, *and the river which flows through the charming plantations of that domain, bathes at the same time the shrubby banks of his chosen retreat.* When it was the property of the De Rosenheims, Rhonburg was the scene of many a youthful joy and frolic.—Dear was the remembered pleasure! but it fades before that, which Hope now offers with one of her most fascinating smiles!

Again has Adelcour seen that being, who, powerful as nature, has new-formed his soul, and opened in his bosom a never-ending source of joy or sorrow! If memory would be but faithful to its trust, and convey to some master's imagination the impression of the form which has rooted itself in the heart of Adelcour, he might then enjoy the delight of decorating the interior of the fane, with its image. But, no! this indulgence is unattainable! The mind, that living fountain of all which is beauteous and sublime, may receive the impress of perfection, but vainly would the pencil attempt to give its form, its feature, its expression, its grace! Vainly would it attempt to fix the living glow of sensibility, or touch with native delicacy the mind-reflected tints which play on the varying cheek of thought! Yet let me not repine that miracles cannot be performed at my pleasure.

Let me rather bless the fates who permit my contemplation of the original.

And my swan, too, is become her favorite! *my* swan, whom gratitude and affection have tamed to my will. High favored Jupiter, I little thought, when I nursed your broken leg, that I should be requited by your becoming the constant harbinger of delight to your preserver! yet, by your visits to Rhonburg, I shall be directed in mine.

A plan has just occurred—my heart welcomes it with a thrill of pleasure, and Jupiter's return gives the signal for its execution.

Success has crowned my temerity.—The secret recess formed by the double wall which opens from the corridor into the Druid's temple, intended by the late Sir Launcelot to conceal an organ, the door of which is hid by the bark

that cases it, is admirably calculated to enable me to be her invisible companion!—to associate myself in her amusements—to engage, perhaps (heavenly thought!) her interest—and become, unconsciously to herself, the master of all the treasures of her mind! But is it honorable, Adelcour, to steal into her confidence, and like a midnight thief to rob her of her most secret sentiments? Ah! what has innocence to fear from such a theft?—Will not the virtues, of which I steal the knowledge, break forth with double lustre by being displayed, decked in all the graces of ingenuousness?—How beautiful that ingenuousness which prompts the candid communication of her every thought!—How interesting that emulation which, diffidently but zealously, aspires to excellence. No less beautiful is the simplicity of heart and language, which flows through the pages,

I have dared to make the prototype of mine!

(Pauline's heart throbbed with emotions never before felt—suggestions sweet as hope, and romantic as youth, rose in visions of magic charm; and scarcely did she venture to breathe, least the sigh of sensibility, which struggled to escape, should dissolve the enchantment.)

It is become the dearest interest of my awakened soul to watch the opening flowers of a mind, rich in intellectual blossoms. In this delightful employment, even the inanimate scenes and objects around seem to rise to life and sentiment, and to gratify every demand of my heart!—

But Jupiter gaily dances on the returning stream.

Every demand?—Ah, no!—" O la perle des plus beaux esprits, comme la fleur des plus belles: vous avez chanté, il ne me reste plus de sons! O desir de mon cœur, plaisance des mes yeux, tourment de ma penseé, vous avez attiré a vous mon entendement et ma substance entier; vous avez lié ma langue: tout ce que je puis faire cette heure, c'est de vous voir et de vous entendre!"

And have I in return for your touching song, caused a tear to dim the radiance of those dark eyes, by pilfering from your port-fuille its favorite ornament?—Would that I could repent the selfish theft!—would that I could subdue the triumphant feelings of pleasure with which I trace the delicate touches of that hand which makes the prize invaluable!—To restore it, is be-

yond the philosophy of youth, but I will replace it with another.

If you, sweet Enthusiast, can feel so powerful a charm in the sympathy which you believe subsists between you and a fancy-formed being, what must be the enjoyment, the delight, of the *conscious* object of that happy fancy, who till now, has been a stranger to all the tender sympathies of congenial minds !—sympathies ! which, by awakening sensibility, enlarge, elevate, ennoble, and refine the soul ! adding to all the pleasing emotions of affection, the dignified consciousness of virtue.

Deprived in the very dawn of reason of a mother's endearments, condemned in early youth to the gloomy precincts of a convent, and only relieved from its irksome duties by occasional vacations, which permitted unfrequent visits to a

grandmother, good and essentially kind, but melancholy and rigidly bigotted; can I convey to a being less severely circumstanced, any idea of the excess of rapture which my kindling soul experienced at finding myself, on quitting the cold and artless society of monks; accidentally the companion of sense, of feeling, and of virtue, under the attractive form of a youthful female! Can imagination alone swell to the comprehension of those emotions which open the bosom of Adelcour to ineffable delight, when he hears himself invoked as a guardian genius—when he reads the soothing effects of his superintending care—and the encouraging praises of his taste, his skill!—when he sees her, in whom he lives, bend with grateful pleasure over the efforts of his pencil, and the presumptuous lessons of his pen.

Impossible would be the attempt to depict the sensations with which the agitated Pauline became by degrees fully assured, that the fancied being, who had first given so romantic a charm to this her favorite haunt;—to amuse, to anticipate her wishes—and the youth, so much admired, so greatly regretted, were the same!—Yes! It was that same Adelcour, who, without ever having presumed to intrude on her solitude, had, by a stratagem dictated by love, contrived to occupy her thoughts, and mingle in her amusements!

But at length his encreasing affection, and the intelligence which reached him of her being on the point of again quitting that spot where he had so long watched over her with jealous care, inspired him with the daring resolution of avowing his secret passion to its object.

The effecting this, by the exchange

of their journals, was a plan too well according with the romance of his character not to be adopted as soon as it had suggested itself to his anxious mind.

The trembling fingers of Pauline could scarcely hold the manuscript as she continued to make herself mistress of of its contents, which thus proceeded.

Scarcely could I believe the evidence of my senses, when I perceived the bark belonging to Rhonburg gliding towards my islet so richly freighted, and still less when I saw Jupiter fly in anger at his kind benefactress! Had I been absent, had I been too late to stop thy threatened blow, thy life, Jupiter, should have paid the forfeit of thy sacrilegious attack! —Ungrateful bird! to cause such terror to the object of thy master's love. Yet how that terror became her—how interesting the graceful

fearfulness of her manner—how beautifully elastic her light form as she fled to the river—how expressive her wild surprise on missing the boat in which she had rashly ventured! The trembling impatience with which she entered mine, the glowing eagerness with which she watched its approach to Rhonburg, all, all displayed such various grace and feeling, as charmed me from myself, and silenced the self-love that would have condemned her unthankfully hasty departure.

Every day adds strength and warmth to my admiration of the being to whom these pages are addressed! Let me rather say, every hour, for the impression of each day rises in estimation on the reflection of each hour, and receives the approving stamp of reason.

Yesterday introduced her to Adelcour in the new character of a minister-

ing angel, shedding balm upon the wounded mind of the widowed mother, and restoring to blooming infancy its enchanting light-heartedness! This morning I again beheld her, at the earliest dawn, eagerly impatient to perfect her work of charity! The bosom of Adelcour glowed with proud rapture as he watched its chosen mistress ascend the steep, bearing on her arm a well stored basket for the objects of her pity. It was heavy, yet she felt not its weight; benevolence wholly engrossing her heart and mind, left no consciousness of personal inconvenience! Inspired by that god-like attribute, her steps sprang lightly up the dewy hill: the roused sensibilities of her nature, mounting from her soul to her countenance, enriched its native beauty, and speakingly reflected the conscious virtue of her beneficent errand! Was her return less interesting? Ah, no! the

tender smile of kindness and approbation, with which she had gladdened the young hearts of the little cottagers, still played around her mouth; the tear of sympathy, which had imparted consolation to their dejected mother, still trembled on her cheek, and she bent her eyes with indulgent and pleased attention on the laughing cherub who frolicked at her side—it was her favorite Unna.

The journal now went on to paint the grief and despair of Adelcour at Pauline's first sudden departure from Rhonburg—his obligation soon after to repair to his college, for the purpose of appearing with his brother students at the procession of Corpus Christi—his emotions at unexpectedly perceiving her amongst the spectators—the thrill of delight with which he afterwards met her at Madame de Neiderpleis—the fe-

licity of days passed in her society at that lady's mansion—his sorrow at again quitting her. He next described the eagerness with which he seized the first permission of his superiors to pass some time with his grandmother—their expedition to the Tyrol soon after his arrival—his following them—attempting their rescue—and the capture by the banditti. His visit to the cell of Pauline—the events which followed it—and, finally, his rescuing her from the river Inn, and conveying her to the convent of Augustines.

He particularly dwelt on the height to which the enthusiasm of his affection had reached on his next visit to Rosenheim, when, by his daily visits to the corridor of the Druid's Temple, he learnt the interest he had acquired in her esteem—and witnessed the innumerable traits she exhibited of the native charms of her character.

"What a wife—what a mother—what a bosom friend," proceeded Adelcour, "must she make, who has thus early chosen, through the path of virtue, the only road to happiness! Steadily pursue your course, sweet girl—and you will resemble the Spring when it comes forth in its beauty—revives the decayed face of nature—spreads plenty over the fields—and smiles on the labor of industry. My heart dilates with joy when I picture to myself the blessings you will one day diffuse around your domestic abode. Ah, Pauline!—for the moment is arrived when silence and mystery are no longer practicable—unite your devoted Adelcour—your friend—your lover—in these prospects of general felicity!—allow——"

Pauline, overcome by the complicated sensations of surprise—of pleasure—of timidity and love, which impetuously

rushed to her bosom—now, dropping the manuscript, was raising her eyes to heaven, when a part of the opposite side of the building opened; and in the next minute the stranger of the isle—the invisible harmonist—that Adelcour de Mornie—the noble sentiments of whose mind, the ardent affection of whose heart, had just been laid open to her knowledge, and offered as a tribute to her virtue!—entered from it.

The scene which followed was perfectly consistent with the romantic and amiable characters of the lovers.

Adelcour, in the confidential disclosure which succeeded the perturbation of their first meeting, concealed not that his choice was, as yet, unsanctioned by those who might claim a voice in his future destiny; while Pauline, as little doubted his success with his guardians, as the approbation of her

own indulgent parents, in a case where her happiness was concerned.

Before they parted, he urged her to consent to his earnestly expressed wish, that, till he was himself enabled to communicate to the Baron and his lady their unsuspected attachment, it should remain a secret from every one but themselves. But she, for the present, shrank from the proposal of binding herself to conceal from her parents and Lady Aberdale an engagement, which she then little foresaw, was, after months of miserable suspence, to terminate in despair.

As the dinner hour approached, Pauline became very desirous that her lover should leave her to meditate on what has passed, and compose herself before her return to the chateau, but she could not prevail on him to obey her till she had promised to see him on the following morning, and give him the result of

her reflections; immediately after which he pledged himself to set out for that uncle's see, whom he meant to consult as a preliminary step to the accomplishment of his hopes.

Pauline, on her return to the chateau, was met by Lady Aberdale, who, with much pleasure in her countenance, informed her of the unexpected arrival of a guest, in whom she hoped her young friend would find a companion every way formed to enliven the retirement to which she kindly submitted on her account. "But I have much to say to you in confidence," continued she, "on the subject of this newly arrived visitor, before I venture to introduce you to each other; therefore do me the favor of accompanying me to my boudoir. It is too late to change your dress before dinner; yet do not regret it, for, believe, me you are *quite fascinating* enough for the beau

you are to meet." This Lady Aberdale added with a smile of much meaning.

Pauline, relieved at finding her hostess so entirely engrossed by her visitor as to be unconscious of the agitation with which she had received her greetings, though by no means delighted at the arrival of a stranger at that juncture, attended her ladyship to the apartment mentioned; where a conversation ensued which excited, notwithstanding the pre-occupation of her thoughts, a somewhat lively curiosity to see the guest who had formed the subject of it.

Fully prepared, by the circumstances to which she had been listening, to wonder and admire, to like and dislike, Pauline followed Lady Aberdale to the saloon, where the remarkable personal beauty, grace, and graciousness of the person there presented to her, soon deprived her of all dispositon to entertain

any feelings but those of approbation; and ere they separated for the night, she felt an interest in their new inmate, which she then little thought the next morning would destroy.

Those attentions, however, which had not been displeasing the evening before, became importunate, when she found they prevented her from fulfilling her engagement of meeting Adelcour in the Temple.

Wherever she went, the Chevalier Florio instantly presented himself before her, and with gay confidence offered his attendance: to walk, to ride, to sail, to draw, to play, any thing, every thing, with such a companion, he protested, would be equally delightful. Which should it be?—he asked.

Distressed, confused, at a loss how to act, Pauline hesitated for some time: at length, recollecting that her drawing materials, with her harpsichord, were

all in the last place to which she could wish to introduce him, she chose a walk, as the least likely to lead to the discovery of a secret she now painfully felt to be in danger of a premature disclosure. Under an air of affected gaiety, by no means harmonizing with the native dignity of her fine Grecian face, she endeavoured to conceal the disappointment and anxiety with which the obtrusive manners of the Chevalier had filled her bosom, and her regret at being obliged to disappoint Adelcour.

The next morning, and the two next, she sought to anticipate Florio's hour of rising, in vain!—He seemed, by intuition, to know to a moment the time of her awaking, for she found him constantly in readiness to offer the salutations of the morning, either at the door of her dressing-room when she issued from it, at the foot of the stairs as she descended them, or in the portico when she passed through it:—prepared,

as he would say, to taste its charms with her more charming self!

Thus tortured by the officiousness of her new companion, she became seriously unhappy, least Adelcour, whom she doubted not was an unseen witness of the Chevalier's constant attendance, should misconstrue her motives of action, and, in her breach of promise, see only the dishonorable conduct of a fickle, vain, conceited coquette.

In all her walks, she had hitherto avoided those which led to the Temple; and with but little grace, and still less of art, evaded Florio's frequent request of being admitted into the mysterious fane; honored, he had been informed, by her delectable presence, whenever she felt disposed to invoke the several muses who delighted in shedding their influence over her.

He had but just ended a flourishing speech, which filled the person to whom it was addressed with painful emotions,

when he turned abruptly into a close covered path, and discovered, forming a termination to a fine vista, the building in question.—"There it is!" exclaimed the youth; "and so invitingly curious it appears, that I cannot, will not, be denied the pleasure of viewing the scene in which you woo contemplation."

Pauline felt that she could no longer avoid complying with this request; but the dread that they should find within the Temple her anxious lover awaiting her appearance, or jealously watching her seeming preference of another, spread so sudden and deathy a pallidness over her countenance, as convinced Florio that he had inflicted on his companion a severer penance than he intended.

Grieved at having carried his playfulness too far, he affected, as the best reparation he could make, to believe that she was taken ill; and offering his arm, without making any comment, gently directed her steps towards the chateau.

On reaching it, she instantly repaired to her own apartment; and, tempted by the excuse of illness, with which Florio had designedly supplied her, she pleaded it to Lady Aberdale as an apology for continuing alone the remainder of the day.

As the circumstances of the morning rose to his memory, the Chevalier felt his curiosity rise with them; and he determined to take advantage of Pauline's confining herself to her room, to gratify it, by investigating the building that had given cause for the vague suspicions which intruded themselves upon his mind.

In pursuance of this scheme, he immediately, on rising from table, took a circuitous path to the Temple; and, on reaching it, he found the door which faced the river fastened. It was sometime before he discovered the one which led from the rustic corridor into

the interior of the fabric: this also was locked; but in the prosecution of that minute scrutiny which a fancied mystery prompts, a projection in the bark, of which the walls were formed, caught his eye, and on examination proved to be an imperfectly closed door, which opened into the organ recess, and, with a similar one that led immediately into the chosen study of Pauline, had been unconsciously left thus insecure by the agitated lovers on that eventful day when their hearts gave them to each other.

With penetrating curiosity, Florio surveyed the various testimonies of Pauline's delicate taste, refined studies, and elegant employments. At length two manuscripts arrested his attention; on examination, he found they were both opened in pages so perfectly according together, that the Chevalier could not avoid suspecting that they

had been very recently perused by some person, who, as he proceeded, compared the one with the other.

They were the journals of Pauline and Adelcour, with which the latter had been endeavouring to beguile the tedious hours of expectation of some part of their irksomeness, by tracing in each the sympathy which seemed to have destined them for each other. Here was a feast for the enquiring disposition of Florio; here was at once a solution of the mystery which had rendered the Temple to him forbidden ground!

"I am half inclined," thought he, "to steal these journals; and, by filling their writers with doubts and fears of into whose hands they may have fallen, avenge myself for having been denied admittance into this favored retreat."

What prevented so great a lover of frolic from putting this threat in force,

the reader must guess, from the event of his returning to the chateau, and announcing his intention of quitting Rhonburg in two days. On the eve of his journey he paid a second visit to the Druid's Temple: all remained in the same state, except that the journals were no longer to be found; this circumstance confirmed his conjectures of the preceding day.

The news of the Chevalier's approaching departure soon reached the apartment of Pauline, and relieved her mind from much of the solicitude which had for some days pressed heavily upon it. With renovated spirits she arose the next morning, armed with fortitude cheerfully to bear with her tormenting companion for the remaining time he was destined to continue so. Under these wise resolves she forbore all attempts at visiting the Temple till Florio should have made his adieus. These,

on the appointed day, she received with a lightened heart; and, after watching his progress as he rode from the chateau till he was hidden from her sight by distance, she hastened with trepidation to the Temple.

Emotions, which partook of many indefinable feelings, checked awhile her entrance; but the quick ear of love had caught the sound of her step—the door was opened, and Adelcour appeared! when the suspense of the one and the doubts of the other were lost in the mutual delight and confidence which eloquently spoke in the eyes of each.

As soon as Adelcour perceived the agitation had a little subsided which a delicate mind will ever feel on first meeting a lover so recently acknowledged, heightened in the present instance by the consciousness that he was as yet unsanctioned by her parents, he ventured to communicate to Pauline

some particulars of his situation, in the hope of proving to her that prudence dictated their, for some time longer, concealing from the Baron and Baroness Isenberg their mutual partiality.

"I have suffered so much," said Pauline with a sigh, her fine features losing that candid pleasure and serene confidence which had so sweetly softened the agitated expression they at first exhibited—"I have suffered so much from the concealment I have already practised with the most indulgent of mothers, the most estimable of friends, that I had hoped, in consenting to cherish in my bosom the sentiments with which you have sought to inspire it, they would have brought with them all that happiness which a free confession on my part, and a full approval of my choice from those who have a right to controul it, alone can give. Urge me not, then, to continue in an error,

of which I have bitterly repented, by longer withholding from my revered parents the knowledge of an engagement which can neither be binding or happy, unless blessed by their approbation.

"If the ignorance in which you have been kept respecting the state of your fortune, should prove to have proceeded from any irretrievable derangement in it, ingenuously acknowledge your situation to my father, and trust to his noble nature for generously distinguishing between your natural and factitious worth: believe me you will find that the former will outweigh in his estimation all that you may owe to the latter."

"No;" replied Adelcour, with mournful earnestness: "on the reality or fallacy of my hopes of fortune must depend my chance for happiness or misery. Something," added he, seeing an affecting shade of sorrow spread over

her sweet countenance: "allow something to the pride and feelings of one, who, aspiring to an alliance with the House of Isenberg, aspires also to be deemed worthy of it in all respects. If, therefore, fortune frown, I will gain you through honor, or resign you and the world together.—Say, Pauline—promise that you will give your Adelcour a chance of claiming you from your noble parents in a manner worthy alike of his love and your virtues!"

Pauline was about to pronounce the so ardently urged promise, when it was checked, ere she could give it utterance, by a slight noise in the apartment. Both instantly turning towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, they beheld the painted door slowly thrown back, and in its opening, standing, to appearance, the living Druid, whose portrait usually concealed it! For a few minutes Pauline believed the vene

rable figure had taken life, to warn her against the rash promise which hovered on her lips; but short was the deception and the terror. The white locks, the silver beard, the rustic staff, suddenly disappeared; and, from beneath the long grey cloak which seemed to cover the bending figure of the aged Druid, stepped forth the elegant and elastic form of Florio!

Advancing immediately towards Adelcour, he said, in a tone indicative of long intimacy, "Smooth your angry brow, De Mornie: I have, it is true, revenged myself on this lady for her slights, by stealing into your confidence; but, having done so, you have nothing to fear—your secret is safe—henceforth trust me—command me—accept of me as a friend, and you shall find my time, my power, my fortune, if necessary, devoted to your service.—Speak, are you for peace or war?" and as he spoke,

he extended his hand in token of the former. Adelcour, with marked respect, bowed over it. "Agreed," cried the Chevalier; and, kissing the cheek of Pauline with gallant friendliness, he threw himself into a chair near her. "On the arguments in favor of secrecy, you were pressing with all the bold yet seducing rhetoric of overbearing man," observed Florio; "and you, sweet Pauline, receiving with the amiable weakness of yielding woman, I shall unasked give judgment, by saying, let Adelcour, before he introduces himself at Isenberg, visit his uncle, the Bishop of Marseilles, and demand from his own lips the motives which influenced him to remove him from his powerful protection to that of a poor, weak, bigotted grandmother; and——"

"And what?" asked Adelcour, anxiously. "Merely," replied Florio, "that I have heard him much blamed for his

conduct on that account; and very lately too, by Madame Saint Aubine's, a lady of Marseilles, into whose company I was thrown last year at M——, on her return from the festival of Corpus Christi at Munich. I have told you all I chuse to say at present." He hastily added, fearful of being further questioned, "I will not advance any thing more on hear-say; repair as soon as possible to Marseilles, where you may find all as you wish; at any rate, you will see with your own eyes, hear with your own ears, and decide on your own judgment. I shall therefore only say, that should any impediments arise, in consequence of your visit to the Bishop, against an union to which avarice, malice, or revenge, can alone object, confide them to me with the earliest opportunity, and I will labor to counteract them; but till I am certain you may want my services, I will forbear dwelling

any longer on my willingness to exercise them in your favor.

An unlimited confidence took place before the three friends separated, a confidence which in the sequel frequently called upon Florio, to act with an appearance of caprice and volatility, admirably supported by the well-known gaiety of his character.

Pauline alike contrary to her inclination and sense of duty, acquiesced in the temporary concealment for which Adelcour entreated.

A touching pensiveness which seemed to be equally the characteristic of both their minds, gave to the plans of Adelcour and Pauline the solemnity of parting injunctions, rather than the cheering air of schemes formed by youth, and hope, and love, to insure their future union. Their separation was therefore rendered gloomy by forebodings of evil which neither had the power of con-

cealing from the other. Of the weakness of this conduct in him from whom more fortitude might have been expected, Adelcour seems to have been transiently sensible when, at the distance of a few leagues from Rhonburg, he thus remarks upon it, in one of the fragments of his letters which follow:

"I carry with me a self-inflicted regret, my Pauline, in feeling conscious that I have shewn myself deficient in that strength of mind which can alone render me worthy of becoming your protector. Why did I by my own example encourage a despondence so enervating to minds which may be called upon to prove that they are deserving of happiness, by shewing how well they can bear misfortune.—But you like not that I should condemn myself, I will therefore respect Adelcour in you."

FRAGMENT.

"I have deviated from my road to enjoy an interview with an amiable woman, who was once the humble friend of my mother, the nurse and governante of your Adelcour, till dismissed by the rigid economy of Madame de Rosenheim, or still more rigid commands of the Bishop of Marseilles, to seek in the excellent Uldarick Wellendorf a friend and husband.

"I cannot give you an adequate idea of her delight and sorrow at seeing me; paradoxical as this may appear, she has I fear too much reason for blending these opposite feelings. The particulars I have learnt from her of the conduct of my uncle towards me, during my abode with him, leave me more at a loss to comprehend his character, than to understand her anxiety on my account.

"She informs me that on the death of

my father, which immediately followed that of my mother, he repaired in person to the family mansion, and conveyed me himself to his palace, where I was lodged, attended, and cherished, with all the respect and consideration due to my birth, and all the affection and tenderness a son could have claimed. Till I was five years of age the Bishop's love appeared to increase with my years; when, without any ostensible cause, a change, as incomprehensible as sudden, took place in his manners; a change, she says, no less sensibly felt by the young heart of Adelcour, than secretly condemned by every one within the circle of his acquaintance. As she dwelt minutely upon all the circumstances connected with this event, my mind seemed to open to a painful recollection of the infant grief I then experienced; and again I fancied I felt the chilling effects of the repulsive coldness

which forbade my innocent caresses; the cutting severity of brow which rebuked my playful gambols, and the depression which accompanied me to my solitary apartment, when causelessly dismissed from the company of those associates, to whom his lordship had, heretofore, praised me with lavish fondness; and from whom he had, with proud confidence, exacted attention to my infantile prattle. To the first sense of forlorness which my mind then received, I can trace the cause of that—shall I call it dulness?—You, my Pauline, give it a more partial term; I will therefore say, that in what I then suffered I can trace the cause of the total blight of that hilarity which gilds the early days of other youths, and happily leads them to believe they see in the long perspective of life, only varied scenes of new-springing joys.

"This estrangement of my uncle, was

the prelude to the transferring the care of me from himself to Madame de Rosenheim; and to her I was conducted by the affectionate creature who has given me this account. You would love her, my Pauline, could you have witnessed the genuine sensibility with which she described her feelings from the commencement of my uncle's coldness, to that cruel moment when she was informed that her attendance on me was no longer required. Every word went to the heart of Adelcour, and as I recall the candor of countenance, and the simplicity of her language, I feel the full force of the observation: That if the mind was capable of admiring the beauties of truth in her native garb, she would not require the fictitious ornaments of the imagination to render her beloved.—But, alas! her pure and delicate light penetrates not the gross mind of man; her beautiful simplicity touches

him not. To rouse him to a sense of her sublimity it is necessary to call to her assistance ideas which may enlighten his understanding, and objects which may fix his attention; it is not sufficient to describe virtue, she must be painted also. But this is not the first time I have been made sensible of the justice of this remark; a dearer, a more enchanting proof of it elevates the sentiments of Adelcour, as his memory welcomes with delight that, to the invisible musician no veil of diffidence, no artificial colouring, hid or disfigured that sublime virtue which in native beauty makes the mind of Pauline her temple!"

Adelcour quitted Joanna Wellendorf in the perfect conviction that Madame de Rosenheim had been instigated by the Bishop to call to the aid of her authority the zeal of the monks by whom he had been educated, in persuading

him to take the cowl, a persecution which he had for some years endured on that subject, had hitherto been borne by the youth with patience; under the belief that it had proceeded from a holy, though a mistaken zeal; but now that their motive would admit of a different construction, and that he imagined the plan in question would be still more strongly enforced, by the very person to whom he meant to appeal against it, the natural sweetness of his temper gave way to an indignant sense of the tyranny intended to be exercised against him; and revolting from the idea, he felt disposed instantly to return, and, in compliance with Pauline's advice, seek a friend and adviser in the Baron Isenberg. But again the romantic delicacy, the high-minded sentiments of Adelcour, induced him to spurn at the thought of introducing himself to that nobleman under such humiliating circumstances.

As he journeyed on, he recapitulated to himself all the particulars on which there could be rationally founded a hope that his pretensions would eventually be proved such as entitled him to demand Pauline from her parents.

Joanna Wellendorf had told him that his father's rank was in the first order of nobility, his fortune on his marriage, princely, his character unimpeached. His mother, too, was of high birth, and distinguished virtue. He was the only child of this noble, rich, and amiable pair —the undoubted heir of their titles and estates. By what authority then could the latter be withheld from him—how could he have forfeited his right to them? His hopes rose with these reflections, against which nothing suggested itself to lessen their force; and, with more elation of spirits than he had experienced for many months, he stopped at the first Auberge, to enjoy the

pleasure of communicating a portion of his own sanguine feelings to Pauline.

On his arrival at Marseilles, Adelcour immediately waited on the bishop. His reception was such as might have been expected from the conduct already described in the second fragment. His lordship declined the trouble of entering into the particulars which had induced him to destine Adelcour to a convent; and for the circumstances which had rendered him a beggar, he referred him to his chaplain; to whom he had given his instructions for drawing up a narrative of them for De Mornie's perusal.

The coldness, haughtiness, and impenetrability of the bishop, while annihilating all his fairy hopes, by the information that he was a beggar, irritated the unhappy Adelcour into taking an unceremonious departure.

By the chaplain, he was received with

a benignity and sympathy, which in some measure soothed his perturbed spirit, and assisted in arming him with some degree of that fortitude which could alone have enabled him to read what that narrative unfolded.

Pauline, from this period, supplied the blank in the lover's history by an address to her mother written that morning, but in language so incoherent, that the Baroness with difficulty united the broken threads of her story.

During the absence of Adelcour on this journey to the bishop's, (his uncle) Lady Aberdale and herself had returned to Isenberg, accompanied by Florio; Pauline indulging the pleasing hope of soon seeing De Mornie received with approbation by her family.

No intelligence had however reached her from him, when the news of Sir

Launcelot's arrrival at Rhonburg, had suddenly carried his mother thither; and the death of that lady's brother occasioned their shortly after setting out for England. During this period, Pauline, through the medium of Florio, had received letters from De Mornie; they were of a desponding and gloomy complexion, yet by no means explanatory of the cause, but expressed great anxiety once more to see her, and consult her previous to his taking any decided steps.

On the return of Lady Aberdale, her young favorite was still wavering in what way to act, yet with her secret, uncommunicated to her family, when the permission her ladyship obtained to carry her with her for a few days to Rhonburg, determined her on granting her lover the interview he so passionately solicited, that she might hear from himself the

obstacles which had retarded his demanding her in marriage of the Baron.

It was in language which evinced how deeply it had wounded her peace, that Pauline, in speaking of their meeting in the Druid's Temple, depicted the affecting change which sorrow had wrought in De Mornie since last they parted. All hope of ever calling her his had been long extinct; yet could he not resolve on abandoning those fondly cherished wishes without once more beholding her—without carrying with him the impression of that sympathizing grief and regret, which would be written on her loved countenance when she bade him an eternal adieu: an image, with which he henceforth wished entirely to fill his mind.

If to have learnt from her lips, and her every speaking feature, that the unmerited misfortunes which rendered their

union hopeless, but the more endeared her lover to the heart of Pauline, could console him, Adelcour received this alleviation of his sorrow.

He placed in her hands that story of his early misfortunes with which the bishop's chaplain had furnished him, but which manuscript Pauline informed her mother was now in the possession of the Chevalier Florio, to whom she had already imparted her wish that it might be immediately delivered to the Baroness.

Adelcour, bound by a promise he had given his generous friend the Chevalier to apprise him of the result of his visit to the Bishop, at length prevailed on himself to inform him, that he had discovered himself to be wholly dependant upon that uncle, who cruelly insisted on his assuming the cowl, as the only means by which he might hope for his future protection; threatening on his non-compliance to abandon him to the

poverty to which fate had destined him.

The bigotted and narrow-minded Madame de Rosenheim united with the Prelate in urging submission to a measure so utterly inimical to his heart's dearest wishes. He added, that it was under these deplorable circumstances he had, at their last interview, taken of Pauline an eternal adieu.

Florio touched with generous pity, had on learning these particulars, offered him a service which darted a ray of hope athwart the gloom by which his future horizon was before obscured. The Chevalier's interest enabled him to procure the unfortunate youth a commission in the Austrian service, which might, through valor, open to him the road to glory and happiness.

Adelcour with gratitude accepted the proffered service, and the unexpected arrival of the eccentric Florio at Isenberg,

on the morning of the marriage of Josephine, was expressly for the purpose of detailing to Pauline the new hopes opened to her lover in the profession he was about to enter.

The rudeness of Doctor Martimas, to which every one attributed his sudden departure on the eve of an expedition in which he had previously engaged to form one, had been a mere pretext for setting out to meet De Mornie, from whom he had that morning received a letter, informing him, that he was in the neighbourhood, and entreating the exertion of his eloquence with Pauline, to induce her once more to see him previous to his joining the regiment in which he was furnished with a commission.

The Chevalier, who had made himself master of the intended route of the party, after gaining the consent of the imprudent Pauline to indulge her lover, left

Isenberg for the purpose of arranging with Adelcour the best means of carrying it into effect.

It was resolved between them, to hover near the Isenberg party, till a favorable opportunity offered for the interview; and the anxiety with which Pauline, who was apprised of their intentions, had watched the progress of the storm in the little village of Mittewalde, was occasioned by her apprehensions, that those for whom she was so deeply interested were exposed on one of the neighbouring heights to its fury.

The appearance of the Chevalier's horse, without it's rider, had nearly thrown her off her guard, but in a short time after, when she saw *him*, from whom when last they parted she believed she had taken an eternal farewell, in the midst of her family—again heard that so well remembered voice, now gently addressing, for the first time, her mother,

the emotions which shook her frame, were almost too powerful to be borne.

This agitation had ultimately favored the views of Florio, who, in his zeal to take advantage of Pauline's being left behind while the rest of the party went to visit the cottage in the village, conducted her to a spot where it had been agreed on, between himself and De Mornie, the latter should await his joining him.

The interview proved highly consolatory to Adelcour, to whom Pauline repeated, that his misfortunes had but the more endeared him to her heart: so great was the reluctance with which he tore himself away, that, but for the remembrances of Florio, he would still have lingered, even after he had extorted a promise that she would, by keeping her hand disengaged, give him at least the chance of claiming it, should fortune allow him the opportunities

of proving himself worthy to demand it of her parents.

The Chevalier and Pauline were on their return to the Auberge, after the departure of De Mornie, who had now nothing further to detain him from his regiment, when they were met by the terrified Baroness, who, in pursuit of her daughter, had been encountered by that mysterious being who had cautioned her against the growing intimacy of her children and Villerose.

From the period of this last separation from her lover, constan alarms on account of the dangers to which the desperate valour his situation must naturally excite would expose him, joined to never ceasing remorse at the duplicity she was practising towards her parents, completely destroyed the spirits, and was rapidly undermining the health, of Pauline.

The misfortune of the Countess, at-

tributed by her Lord to the disobedience of their daughter, had given a new wound to her before afflicted mind; and the late energetic address of her grandfather, which seemed, to her anxious heart, particularly pointed at herself, finally wrought her to the resolution of confessing every thing to her mother, and henceforth placing her future fate in the hands of those to whom she owed her existence.

The Baroness, who, from the first mention of the *stranger of the isle*, had hurried through this long, and, to her, deeply interesting narrative, with an agitation which nearly deprived her of sense, on finishing it, exclaimed, with a conscious pang, "Let me not accuse my child of a fault, of which I so guiltily set her the example.—Yes, in her my former crimes are visited upon me!—The same fatal perseverance in error which prevented my throwing myself at the feet of my

indulgent mother, and avowing that I was unworthy the blessing she was at that moment pouring on my guilty head, influenced my less culpable Pauline to withhold so tenaciously from her no less devoted parent, a secret, pregnant with the happiness of both.

The gush of anguish which followed these bitter reflections was interrupted by the door of the apartment being thrown open, and the Marquis de Villerose announced.

Bewildered, solitary, doubtful in what way to break the matter to the Baron, and wanting some friend to whom she might impart the feelings which agitated her bosom, Madame Isenberg received Villerose, (whom she loved with maternal affection) as one particularly fitted to consult with and advise her.

She hesitated not to inform him of the purport of what she had just learnt, which sufficiently accounted for the

emotion in which he found her, and giving him the manuscripts, she requested he would read them to her, after which she hoped to be better enabled to determine on the first steps she ought to take.

As Villerose by these means made himself master of the subject, his kind and noble heart became deeply impressed with compassion for the lovers, and animated desire was kindled in his breast of assisting to remove those impediments which it appeared misfortune had thrown in the way of their union.

He told the Baroness that the De Mornie's were certainly allied to him by blood, and from those amiable traits the affecting and romantic journal of Adelcour had developed to him, he from that hour should be most anxious to claim kindred with one whom he already honored, though personally unknown to him.

Madame Isenberg, equally charmed with the generous warmth manifested by her much esteemed young friend, and consoled by the hopes he suggested that the impediments to the happiness of her Pauline might be removed before the Marquis left her, became sufficiently collected to impart to him her father's desire of seeing him on the next morning; a request with which she urged him to comply before setting out for D'Aubry, which excursion, she smilingly told him, she should not afterwards oppose his taking.

Villerose promised to obey her, though he considered with regret how many hours this delay must retard a meeting which he desired with so lively an impatience.

On his return to his hotel, he was informed that De Lermá, after calling to inquire for him, had dressed, and gone out to pass the evening at the Duchess

de Melcour's; the Marquis, therefore, soon after retired to bed. But the events which he had learnt on the preceding evening, and the anticipation of those which might happen on the following day, half rendered him too restless to sleep; and, rising with the dawn, he resolved to pass the intervening time between that and his visit to the Count D'Aubry in breathing the open air, for which purpose he ordered to be driven to the Luxemburg gardens.

At the earliest period at which he could hope to be admitted, he repaired from thence to his appointment, and learnt with regret, on his arrival there, that Madame Isenberg, whom he was particularly desirous of first seeing, had passed a very unquiet night, and was too unwell to leave her chamber, but that her father expected him, and had been for some time prepared for his reception. Villerose was therefore at once

shewn into his dressing room, where he found awaiting him the grandfather of Viola.

The noble and venerable figure of that nobleman, his near affinity to the family so dear to him, and the circumstances under which they met, made the Marquis approach him with a confiding partiality which ill merited the cold repulsive manner with which his advances were received.

The Count scarcely allowed the common compliments which courtesy exacted to pass, before he entered on the subject of his guest's pretensions to an alliance with his house.

The modest yet manly reply the Marquis was addressing to him, D'Aubry abruptly stopped, by pronouncing, with chilling sternness, " Let me advise you, young man, to spare yourself useless mortification, by abandoning, from this hour, all hope of accomplish-

ing a union, which never can—which never shall take place."

Villerose, shocked, astonished, and for some moments rendered speechless by a declaration as unexpected as it was terrible, at length sufficiently recovered himself to demand, in an agitated voice, the cause of that prejudice with which he had been so unfortunate as to inspire a nobleman, by whom it was so greatly his wish to have been esteemed.

"When I pronounce, that I would rather see that innocent girl, my grandchild, consigned to the tomb of her ancestors, than united to one disgraced, I think I have sufficiently explained my own nice feelings, where honor is concerned."

"Disgraced!" echoed the electrified Marquis, recovering the involuntary movement by which his hand had grasped his sword, as he remembered the age and infirmity of his host—"My

lord, you are the first, the only being, who ever yet has dared to couple with that foul word the respected name of Villerose."

"Oh, blindness of egotism!" replied the Count, with a smile of the most sarcastic bitterness. "Do you imagine, young man, that I am singular in the opinion, that that once noble family has received a fatal degradation in its present representative: but let us wave a subject on which——"

"Wave it!" interrupted the Marquis, passionately. "Oh, impossible! till you have explained the horrid misconception by which you have been actuated to insult me.—Say, my lord, I charge you, to what circumstance connected with the man before you can you, dare you, attach the abhorred charge of undeserved disgrace?"

Disgrace and *infamy!*" exclaimed the Count, with increasing vehemence.—

"But I would fain be spared the task," added he, in a more temperate tone; "I would fain be spared the task of entering on a subject so hateful to my soul.—Name it no more;" and as he spoke, he appeared on the point of quitting the apartment, but was stopped by the energetic appeal of the Marquis, who adjured him, by every principle of equity, to name at once the unmerited accusation at which his insinuations pointed.

"Thus urged," replied the Count, turning towards Villerose, and measuring him with ineffable contempt—"Thus openly challenged to the avowal, I hesitate not, young man, by way of avoiding all future application, to pronounce what I can scarcely believe you are unprepared to hear:—it is, that the disgrace, the infamy, the indelible stain which covers you with dishonor, you owe to——."

"To what?" demanded the now

proudly collected Marquis, whose soul, conscious of native worth, repelled with disdain charges of such dire import. "Say, my lord, for I am prepared with calmness to listen to you; say, at what the opprobious epithets you have used can point?"

"*Your birth!*" replied D'Aubry, with a look which pierced the bosom of his astonished auditor.

"Great God! my birth! said you?" exclaimed the petrified Villerose; but the Count was no longer there to answer him. On uttering his last incomprehensible sentence, he had suddenly opened the door which separated the room in which they were from his chamber, and ere the Marquis was aware of his intention, he had passed into it, and turned the key on himself.

For a considerable time after his abrupt departure Villerose remained motionless where D'Aubry had left him;

his intellects and feelings alike stunned by the unexpected scene which had just passed. But, as his presence of mind returned, he was struck with the suspicion, that either that nobleman had mistaken him for another, or that his intellects must be impaired.

In either case it appeared to him most proper to set off immediately for the Chateau D'Aubry, and, after communicating to the Baron the reception he had experienced from the Count, demand, through him, an explanation.

The traces of strong mental agitation were still impressed on the countenance of the Marquis as he now descended the stairs with an intention to quit the mansion, before a summons from Madame Isenberg might render a previous interview with her indispensible: this circumstance he was particularly desirous of avoiding till he had consulted with her lord.

He had nearly reached the door which opened on the street, when a footman put into his hand a packet; saying, in language not very comprehensible, it had been just before left there for him. Villerose took it without remarking that the whole appearance of the man bespoke him to have not slept off the effects of a too copious indulgence in drinking the preceding evening; and, breaking the seal, he dropped the envelope before he ascended his carriage, in which he began, at first carelessly, to examine the papers he held in his hand.

They formed the narrative written for De Mornie by the Chaplain of the Bishop of Marseilles, which the Chevalier Florio had that morning sent, at the request of Pauline, to the Baroness. The domestic who carried it to the hotel D'Aubry, reaching that mansion at the same moment as the servant to whom Don Alphonso had given his letter for the

Marquis, they were delivered together to the porter, who handed them to the intoxicated valet of the Baron, as he was staggering through the hall. In the confusion of his head, he had unconsciously given to the Marquis that which was intended for Madame Isenberg; and Villerose, dropping the address before he stepped into his carriage, was afterwards led to believe that it had been sent him by the Baroness, expressly for his perusal.

The first page in which his father's name met his eye, and that of Eleonora Altenberg, his mother's before her marriage, quickly seized on his attention by raising anxious curiosity; and, as he proceeded, his every sense became absorbed in a history, involving not only the fate of his parents, but fully explaining the before incomprehensible language of the Count D'Aubry. It convinced him that nobleman, in their late interview,

had not advanced any thing, in which the generality of the world might not concur.

THE CHAPLAIN'S NARRATIVE.

In the year 1735, the first cousin of Adelcour de Mornie's father, the then gay and passionate Marquis de Villerose, left Paris with a splendid retinue to join, for the first time, his regiment quartered at Strasburg.

His birth, his fortune, his person, were all such as to render him an object of admiration to the other sex. Long did he flutter in gratified vanity amongst the bevy of beauties who invited his notice; but at length yielded himself a willing captive to Eleonora Altenberg.

That young lady, scarcely then sixteen, had been intrusted by her father, a Saxon nobleman of the first order, to pass some weeks at Strasburg with an

old and long valued friend of her deceased mother.

The evening after her arrival in that city, at a ball, given by the king's lieutenant and intendant of the provinces, General D'Angervilliers, she was introduced to the Marquis de Villerose; and in the same moment became his fate.

Eleonora Altenberg was formed to strike at once, or never! Nothing could exceed the seducing effect of her charms on those who allowed their senses alone to direct their admiration. She was formed to personify the most voluptuous idea of pleasure which the youthful mind had ever in its warmest fancy visioned—so lavishly did she appear gifted with all those alluring graces calculated to fire the heart, and tempt it from the sober guidance of reason.

Her engagement for the first part of the evening disappointed Villerose of the happiness of immediately dancing

with her; but it gave him a more unrestrained opportunity of remarking the many bewitching charms brought into play with heightened effect by that accomplishment.

Her form rounded to perfection—her step elastic as the mind of youth—each movement displaying that indefinable grace derived from the harmonious proportions of beauty, Eleonora might have rivalled the Muse Terpsichore in her heaven-gifted art, as with aerial lightness her nicely balanced form floated before the eyes of the captivated Marquis.

Nor was it the symmetry of her figure or the elegance of its attitudes that were alone exhibited by the varying dance—her spirits rising with the exhilarating notes of pleasure. Eleonora's countenance soon became the picture of her mind, and betrayed in Nature's own colours the animation of

her soul, glowing in rich and varying tints on the peachy blossoms of her cheek; love and gaiety wantoning in fugitive dimples around her tumid lips, and the flashes of an ardent temper darting their playful fires from beneath the silken curtains of her large dark eyes.

A passion, powerful as sudden, absorbed every other feeling in the bosom of the young Marquis; and each moment which, by detaining her as the partner of another, gave that other a right to her attention, inflicted upon Villerose all the torturing apprehensions of an anticipated preference.

At length the happy moment arrived when he was permitted to claim her hand; and from this period, he saw not, heard not, any other being. This passionate devotion, graced by his fine figure, was a sufficient recommendation

to one born with a disposition to bound with fearless delight through every tempting path which caught with its flowery beauties her light and changeful fancy.

Heaven had endowed Eleonora with an excellent understanding, but it remained wholly uncultivated. Love and pleasure were, in her opinion, the idols to which youth should sacrifice; and to love and pleasure, with the sanguine confidence of an inexperienced mind, she determined to devote those fleeting days which belong to it.

Gaily and carelessly on her part passed the hours of courtship, jealously and impatiently on that of the Marquis, whilst anxiously awaiting the consent of Eleonora's father, Count Altenberg; till, worn out with the fears his encreasing rivals brought with them, and with the doubts the delayed answer of the Count

to his solicitation for his daughter's hand created, he earnestly pleaded in favor of an elopement.

The passionate eloquence with which Villerose proved that every hour which was suffered to pass in depressive expectation was a robbery committed on the share of human happiness, allotted by the sparing hand of Fate, communicated to Eleonora's bosom no small portion of the ardent impatience which warmed that of the Marquis; and she at length consented to anticipate the arrival of her father's sanction, by accompanying him, unknown to her hostess, to Liancour.

With secret exultation, her lover bore her to that domain, in the private chapel of which the beautiful Saxon, with a countenance illumined by the bright eye of joy and tearless love, pronounced her willing vows.

From the halcyon enjoyments which

had crowned all his wishes, Villerose was suddenly summoned by the voice of honor : obedient to its call, he tore himself from his bride, and joined his regiment just in time to accompany it to the field of battle, where, in the first onset, he fell beneath the sabre of an Austrian Hussar.

On the report of this event, Count Albert de Mornie, father of Adelcour de Mornie, took possession of the noble estates and title of Villerose, though the latter was sunk in the more ancient one which he already possessed.

He immediately after led to the altar the long sighed for Adelaide de St. Clair, the sister of the Bishop of Marseilles, a character possessed of qualities which formed a complete contrast to the pleasure-loving, light-minded Eleonora. The household gods of Adelaide, were—Virtue, Charity, Moderation, and Content, these threw a mild and genial lustre

around her dwelling; and cheered without dazzling, relieved without humbling, her less fortunate fellow-beings.

The change was consequently hailed with heart-felt satisfaction throughout the neighbouring hamlets. Of the Count de Mornie it is unnecessary to say more, than that he was the kindred soul of Adelaide de St. Clair.

Whilst they were enjoying in daily gratitude to heaven the blessings they so richly deserved, the Marchioness de Villerose was tempted from her widow's retirement, ere the expiration of her mourning, by the festivals and gaieties introduced on the arrival of the regiment of De Montmorenci.

Eleonora once more became the magnet of general attraction at a dejeuné given by its brave and gallant officers. Her seclusion had restored to her beauty all the force of novelty in the eyes of her acquaintance; and the many who knew

her not, the magic effect of those luxuriant charms which ever gave to the play of her lovely features, and to the movement of her perfect form, the bewitching graces of endless variety, were instantly acknowledged and felt.

Never did Eleanora appear so interesting to my feelings as on this occasion: "A milder lustre, and a softer glow," were thrown over the April bloom of her person by a black robe of the lightest silk. Her dark locks on one side forming a bandeau across the sweeping arch of her well-turned brow, and on the other veiling it with their glossy ringlets, gave a character to her beauty, not less powerfully and suddenly felt by the Marquis D'Aubigné than that which had enslaved the first affections of the unfortunate Villerose.

As impassioned, as seriously devoted; the same unbounded admiration; the same glowing love; the same unbridled

impatience, gave to the passion of D'Aubigné the maturity of years, and kindled in the Marchioness's bosom an affection which led her, ere tèn moons had shed their pensive beams on the grave of Villerose, to repeat to D'Aubigné those vows which, in the fulness of love and joy, he had believed had rivetted her soul to his for ever.

The high respect and esteem in which the commandant of Strasburg, Count de Bourg, held the Marquis D'Aubigné, induced him to take so lively an interest in his marriage, as to inspire that venerable nobleman with the spirit to celebrate it with a splendid and public masquerade.

The time appointed for this entertainment was the day after the nuptials of Eleonora Marchioness de Villerose, and Albert Saint Foy, Marquis D'Aubigné.

The conduct of this festival was committed to Monsieur D'Angervilliers, to

whose taste, magnificence, and hospitality, Strasburg was indebted for the air of gaiety and pleasure which in those days distinguished it.

The theatre, which was supported at the expence of the garrison, was fitted up for the occasion with great judgment, and afforded, from the nature of its construction, a fine field for displaying with effect the whimsical fancies of the maskers.

The bride, with her characteristic *enjouement*, wished much to have taken a spirited part in the entertainment, but the proud and tenacious Marquis, who would willingly have excused himself altogether from venturing his newly acquired treasure amongst so promiscuous a *melange* of persons and characters, could not be prevailed on to increase the danger by allowing her to mask.

The Count de Bourg, all the com-

manding officers in the town and garrison, with many ladies of the first distinction in the neighbouring provinces, appeared, like the new married pair, as spectators only.

On the entrance of the bride and bridegroom, habited in their nuptial costuma, the venerable commandant addressed to the latter a congratulatory speech on the happy event of his marriage; to which he was about to reply, when Monsieur D'Angervilliers, taking him by the arm, requested his company for a few minutes in another room: merely bowing his acknowledgments of the compliment, he departed, when the commandant's attention was immediately challenged by a person on the left hand of the Marchioness, who, excepting the being masked, was in every respect dressed like the bridegroom. Affecting to appropriate his address, he said. "Do not, my lord, assist by your joy-giving compliments in

intoxicating me; the bounteous gifts of this lady are already more than my *head* can bear."

The good old commandant caught the humour of the evening, and, smiling at the Marchioness, observed, "All jokes are fair at a masquerade, and we who appear in our own homely characters must pay the penalty of being the buts at which the votaries of Mirth and Frolic will aim their wit-pointed darts."

"Certainly," said the Marchioness, "or the spirit of the entertainment would be damped, which I hope will not prove the case to night."

"Fear it not," rejoined the mask, in a low and emphatic voice, "for *I* am an actor in this motley scene, purposely to raise the *spirit* of it to an height your imagination cannot reach. But why not assume a character, and join the gay throng in an amusement so suited to the cloudless days of youth?—Are you fear-

ful, that, by veiling, the beauties of your face you may lessen the number of your hourly conquests?—Dismiss the apprehension; for, trust me, that ravishing form will enslave those hearts your eyes may spare."

Pleased with this compliment, and willing to prolong a conversation likely to take so flattering a turn, the young Marchioness replied, that she should be doubtful of her judgment in the choice of a character, and more of her ability to support it when chosen.

"The character I would have recommended," said the mask, "is, I see, forestalled; observe, it approaches?"

"Where?" asked the Marchioness, with a bewitching smile, expressive of the conviction that she should behold some strikingly fine and amiable character.

"*There*," answered the stranger, in the altered tone of one struggling with some strong emotion.

Eleanora felt discomposed, but following the direction of his pointing, perceived, with a shock never before experienced by her uncorrected mind, a figure in widow's weeds, sadly following some mourners, as if just returned from an interment. Her dishevelled locks—her wild disordered air—her start of anguish, and the deep sigh of grief, were all admirably and affectingly expressed by her action.

As she passed on, recollections painfully wounding, fixed the Marchioness in silent contemplation of this ill-timed exhibition of sorrow in the temple of pleasure, till she was roused to still keener feelings, by the stranger saying, "That is the Ephesian Matron, supposed to be returning from the funeral of her husband: know you not her history?"

A faint "No," was the only reply.—"Yet her *conjugal* love, her *eternal* grief, is upon record. Beautiful in fea-

tures as Eleonora de Villerose; her form, like her's, was perfection: like her, too, she was the *first*, the *only* idol of her fond husband, and his affection *professedly* her pride and happiness. You saw how well, in imitation of her prototype, the mask gave character to the despairing grief which results from what romance would call, the last sad stroke of human misery!—But she returns to save me from the necessity of continuing my relation, and to complete——."

Before he could finish the sentence, the Ephesian Matron entered, decked in bridal splendor, and resting with enamoured looks on the arm of a gay and handsome youth.

The scene, on their appearance, instantly changed, and displayed to the astonished and heart-struck Marchioness, an hymeneal altar raised beside a newly-formed grave; the green leaves, with

which it had been decked, still vivid and glossy.

With many fond endearments, the mourning bride hastened towards it; and Eleonora, turning eyes full of anger, fear, and compunction, on the offending stranger, hurried forwards and joined her lord. But after a few minutes consideration, she so far conquered her resentment, as to forbear making the appeal to her husband's protection which anger had first suggested.

Yet, to her great discomfiture, the stranger was again at her side!—She turned from him with a mixture of fear and displeasure; when a group of Bachantes advancing, raised in her the hope that they would divert his attention for awhile, and give her an opportunity, without alarming the jealous fears of the Marquis, of requesting him to accompany her into some of the other apartments thrown open to the company for the evening.

The Bachantes, as they approached, exhibited themselves in various whimsical attitudes, perfectly characteristic of the frolic mood which influenced them; and after making the round of the stage several times, and playfully passing alternately between the stranger, the Marquis, and Eleonora, in the apparently wild steps of fancy, the figure of the dance assumed more method.—They joined hands, drew nearer to the Marchioness, and closing around her, artfully excluded D'Aubigné and the mask; then, in a well executed courant, hurried their captive forward with a rapidity which, added to the surprise of their sudden evasion, deprived the gentlemen of the power of overtaking them before they were lost in the intricacies of the theatre.

The Bachantes at length stopped at the door of a remote apartment, and giving a shout of triumph, it was immediately opened by the Intendant, Mon-

sieur D'Angervilliers: who, advancing with an unassuming friendliness of manner, told Eleenora that he had contrived this little *ruse* of the Bachantes to release her from the obtrusive attentions of the stranger, which he saw threatened to disturb the pleasure of the evening.

"I strongly advise you," he said, "to secure yourself from his further pursuit by changing your dress and masking; for which purpose, you will find within this apartment every thing required:" adding, "as you are such an exquisite dancer, the attributes of the muse who presides over that art, would, I think, be peculiarly appropriate."

Saying this, he departed, and the Marchioness entering the dressing-room, soon after came forth gracefully personifying Terpsichore, crowned with a laurel, bearing in her hand a lyre, and her thin, light robe displaying by its pliant folds,

the unrivalled graces of her finely moulded form.

The Bachantes renewed their triumphant shouts; and joyously waving their garlands of ivy, balancing in many a fantastic form their flower-encircled thyrsus's, conducted her to the stage where the greatest part of the company were now assembled.

The hilarity of the group which surrounded her, the exercise, the music, the efforts she was called upon to make, and the hope that she was now screened from the observation of the tormenting mask, all contributed to banish from the light mind of Eleonora his probing attack, and animated her to enter heart and soul into the spirit of the character she had assumed.

Whilst she was indulging in these jocund feelings, and meditating the seeking amusement by playing upon the curiosity of the Marquis D'Aubigné,

whom she doubted not was anxiously in search of her, the Bachantes divided into pairs, and gradually disappearing, she was again accosted by the obtrusive stranger.

In a voice indescribably expressive of love and bitterness, he said, "In vain you would flee me, in vain you would disguise that ravishing form; an intuitive knowledge that owes its origin to the three strongest passions which ever raged in the breast of man, serve me for eyes, for ears, for every sense required as guides by other mortals, and bars your escape from my power."

The Marchioness, now first made sensible that it was possible for her to be an object of malice and hatred as well as of love and admiration, sank beneath the cruel conviction, and, bursting into tears of terror and mortification, exclaimed, "What have I done to deserve that you should thus inhumanly single

me out as an object of persecution?—How can I have provoked this treatment?"

Her increasing agitation evidently appeared to affect the mask; a sigh escaped from his laboring bosom, and, with some tenderness, he said, "Calm your spirits, I will tease you no more; exert yourself to dance one allemande with me, and my persecution shall end."

She would have answered, but her voice was choaked by her emotions, and she could only return a bow of acquiescence.

The mask now flew to a table of refreshments, and bringing her a glass of champaigne, besought her, with a softness wholly unlike his former manners, to drink of it? when she had done so, raising her tearful eyes to his, she said, "You terrify me into obedience."

"Say not that I *terrify* you," he answered. "In the halcyon days of——.

But, to your promise," he abruptly added, making at the same time a signal to the music in attendance to strike up.

General attention was immediately engaged by this elegant couple, and many encomiums from various parts of the assembly reached their ears: for once, they reached those of Eleonora unenjoyed; her emancipation from the mysterious being who had arrogated to himself the right of censuring and tormenting her, alone claimed her thoughts. At length the allemande ended; the mask made his concluding bow, and Eleonora, fancying herself free, with a brightened countenance turned to depart; when her steps were suddenly arrested by the strong grasp of her partner, who, seizing her arm, drew her within his embrace; and as he fixed her full attention on himself by his own ardent gaze, he wildly tore the mask from his face!

A piercing shriek, which thrilled every heart, again attracted the withdrawn eyes of all present towards the Marchioness, who in the same moment sank senseless in the arms of the stranger, and both instantly disappeared!

This apparent vanishing of the dancers was immediately supposed to proceed from the carelessness of some of the servants of the theatre, in not properly securing the trap-door. The alarming consequences to be dreaded from such an accident spread terror and pity amongst the spectators, and drove them in crouds to the subterranean apartments, to afford every assistance within their power to the supposed sufferers from this unpardonable negligence; but no where could they be found.

Immediate orders were given to a party of the military to search every corner of the building—every avenue to the theatre; not a trace of them re-

mained. Half the night wasted away in fruitless conjecture and unavailing pursuit; no tidings confirmed the one, no clue guided the other.

The company at length, satisfied that design, not accident, had caused the event which had so much terrified them, now broke up and returned to their homes; some filled with regret and pity, all with curiosity to learn the motives and temptation for a conduct so daring, so unprovoked, as that of the Marchioness.

D'Aubigné, with one friend alone, remained; having recognized Eleonora by the dropping of her mask, as she sank beneath the floor, and being impressed with the belief that the dauntless villain who had entrapped her must have forced her into some of the many places favorable to concealment, with which a theatre abounds, refused to quit the play-house; and, in the dis-

traction of his mind, rushed through one passage to another, from chamber to chamber, from depository to depository; his disappointment serving only to strengthen his suspicions, and spur him on to a renewed examination of the same places which had already undergone his strictest scrutiny.

At length, all further search, all further conjectures were for ever ended; and hope, happiness, life itself, seemed to be receding from the unfortunate Marquis, as, throwing himself on the ground, he gave into the hands of his friend a note, which falling at his feet from the scenes above, had been caught up by him and read. It contained these words:—

"Villerose returns from the dead to claim his wife.—Beware, D'Aubigné, of disputing his right, or crossing his

path.—Love, jealousy, and revenge, fire his soul; and in eternal hatred he is

Your's,

LOUIS PHILLIPE,

Marquis De Villerose.

Hotel D'Angervilliers.

D'Aubigné silently struggled with the powerful passions which shook his frame for some time, before he could command voice or strength to raise himself on his arm, and say, "Eleonora or death."

The stubborn fury which blazed in his eyes as he spoke, and his again sinking into the same despairing posture, marked the alternative as decisive, and prevented his friend from making any attempt to turn him from his desperate purpose. Yet, to avoid creating suspicion in the police, which might frustrate the Marquis's designs, it was necessary to bridle his rage and impatience

till the day was sufficiently advanced to allow his friend to repair to the Intendants, without the appearance of singularity.

On meeting Villerose, that friend would fain have accommodated the affair, by appealing to the generosity of the triumphant possessor of the beauteous cause of this deadly animosity; but he found him as full of ire as his forsaken rival, and learnt, in the course of his mediating discussion, that it was with jealousy rankling in his heart and maddening his brain that he sought the masquerade where he had originally intended openly to have forced his wife from the usurper of his rights; but the sight of Eleonora, improved in every charm which first inflamed his youthful bosom, revived that passionate love which jealousy had smothered, not destroyed; and, fearful of falling in the contest before he had removed her from

the power of his rival, he, with the aid of the Intendant, employed, in the recovery of her, stratagem instead of violence. "But stratagem and concealment are at an end," he vehemently exclaimed, "and the passions which equally tyrannize over D'Aubigné and Villerose can alone be subdued by the blood of one or both: I will await him at the green tree."

Secretly, but separately, the rival husbands quitted the town, and repaired to the place appointed, where they met as men who never meant to part. Long was the contest, and vain the efforts to separate them. Each, as he felt life ebbing with the vital current, which followed every well aimed thrust, rekindled his expiring spirit, and braced anew his failing nerves, by pronouncing the irritating name of Eleonora; till death, in pity, directed the last stroke exhausted nature allowed them to give, and closed their sufferings, we will hope, for ever.

Their faults were few, their virtues many, such as gave dignity to their high rank, and made their fortunes a general blessing. One fatal passion, which disdained controul, and defied even the decrees of fate, alone tarnished the lustre of their noble characters; and with their lives they paid the forfeit of its indulgence. Let humanity then, though it may condemn, drop the tear of charity over its criminal effects.

The perturbation of Eleonora's mind, from her quitting the theatre till the protracted and unaccounted-for absence of Villerose fixed her feelings to one point, had so bewildered her senses, that scarcely could she be considered as acting under the influence of reason.—But when hour after hour passed away without bringing back the Marquis, and the solitary stillness which suddenly seemed to prevail throughout the mansion continued unbroken, reflection

orced its powers on her mind, and became busy in conjuring up the probable but terrific ideas, which this prolonged absence, this total desertion, this solemn silence, which had extended even to the streets, were calculated to inspire.

Scarcely were they formed ere they gathered strength from the distant hum of an advancing multitude. With trembling anxiety Eleonora listened for its nearer approach; its progress was awfully slow, and its murmurs rose and fell on her ear with fearful ambiguousness. At length, the voice of mourning became distinct, and conveyed in low and melancholy tones to the wretched Marchioness the heart-piercing names of "Villerose and D'Aubigné."

Her dreadful suspicions now rose to certainty, and, flashing conviction on her distracted mind, she rushed in desperation forth to brave the appalling sight her foreboding soul anticipated.

A party of soldiers, with arms reversed and countenances clouded with sorrow, marched in procession before two biers, borne side by side in sad equality. On them reposed the lifeless forms of the Marquisses de Villerose and D'Aubigné! —Forms so lately animated by minds of honor and souls of fire, now stiffened into cold, pale monuments of the unbridled passions to which they had fallen victims.

I do not think it is in the power of man to paint the horror which transfixed the unfortunate Eleonora, on beholding these human sacrifices which an intemperate love had immolated at her shrine. The scene will live in my memory for ever! but faintly shall I describe it.

She gazed for some time in speechless agony on the still frowning countenances of her first and second love, then darted towards Heaven the reprobating glances of an accusing spirit; presently, fixing

them on vacancy, some great and mighty struggle seemed to master these rebellious feelings, and suddenly to give them a different character: for the look of wild desperation with which, on first approaching the biers, she daringly questioned the dispensations of providence, was now changed to one which seemed to express a deprecating appeal to his mercy; and a sorrow, ennobled by the dignity in which she clothed it, succeeded to the first gush of anguish which had threatened madness, elevating her form into a degree of sublimity which instantaneously spread a mute respect around; a respect evidently marked by the pitying sadness which sat on every brow, and by the softened manners of the rudest spectator.

Even the friend of D'Aubigné, who in the first moment that allowed him to address the Marchioness, had ventured to entreat that she would withdraw her-

self from the vulgar observations of the populace, on seeing that misery had quenched the beams of her love-inspiring eyes, and chaced the playful dimples which once seducingly wantoned round her lips, felt that the deep, the irremediable woe which had rooted itself in her heart, and with its chastening touch given to her figure an awful, a commanding majesty, would be its own protection. Bowing, therefore, his obedience to the expressive waving of her hand, he forbore to re-urge his advice, and retired; when the bearers, in compliance with her orders, soon after moved on to the hotel of the Intendant.

Here the friend of D'Aubigné was first roused to a sense of personal danger, from the critical situation in which he stood, as a party concerned in the fatal duel.

Deeply interested at the time it took place, and still more deeply afflicted at

its unfortunate issue, the severity of the French laws against duelling, never occurred to him, till, by the private orders of the excellent commandant, he was warned to quit Strasbourg, while the vigilance of the police, in common with the professional interests of all ranks, was absorbed in the compassionating sentiments of the man.

Young, romantic, and gratefully attached to D'Aubigné, the youth felt it impossible to abscond till he had paid the last sad duties to his friend; and with these feelings he intruded himself into the hotel of the Intendant, as one determined to attend on the remains of D'Aubigné till they were deposited among the tombs of his ancestors.

But on the approach of night, the Count de Bourg, with friendly violence, committed him to the guard of two soldiers, by whom he was conducted through the city gates, where horses and

an attendant waited to guide him to a place of safety.

From this circumstance, he was prevented from being an eye-witness of the closing events of this singular tragedy. On the authority of another, therefore, rests the succeeding particulars which from this period marked the character of Eleonora, and wrought to its crisis the fate of Adelcour.

The Count and Countess de Mornie were rejoicing over the distant prospect now first communicated by the latter to her lord, of her adding the inestimable blessing of an heir to the many they already possessed in each other, when the joyful expressions of the Count were checked, by observing from the window, slowly winding up the heights which led to the chateau, a funeral procession, the solemn magnificence of which, proclaimed it to be that of a person of distinguished rank.

With silent surprise, and that indefinable awe, by which the strongest mind is inspired when the depressive conviction of the frail tenure on which it holds life and happiness is forced upon it, they watched its gloomy progress around the hill, till its near approach roused the Count from surmising to investigation. Summoning his attendants, he anxiously led them to the enquiry.

Great was the shock, and bewildering the astonishment of De Mornie, when he discovered, by the banner which preceded it, that the remains thus conveyed in saddening pomp, were those of his cousin, Louis Phillipe de Villerose, buried, as he had believed, ten months before, in the honorable field in which he nobly fell. On the funeral's reaching the chateau, a letter delivered to the Count from the Intendant, first informed him of the error of that report which had pre-

maturely made him lord of the surrounding domain.

Of the miraculous recovery of his cousin under the skill and kindness of a monk, who, in the pious office of examining the deserted field of battle, had discovered in the half-expiring Marquis a spark of life which promised to repay his cherishing care, and had in consequence secretly carried him to his convent. His subsequent capture by a party of the enemy, as after his recovery he was in the ardor of impatience incautiously fleeing to his bride, to wash from her cheek, as he fondly believed, the tears of sorrow with the tears of joy. Of his escape, through the sympathy of a newly-married guard, from the prison to which he had been conveyed; his private return on the evening of the masquerade; and, finally, the dreadful catastrophe which terminated his sorrows and his existence at Strasbourg.

Destructive as the preservation of his life must have proved to all their prospects of happiness, the melancholy death of Louis Phillipe de Villerose, drew a tear of pity and a sigh of generous commisseration from the noble pair, as they dwelt with regret and praise on the undaunted courage which had hurried him into danger—the estimable mind which had won his safety from an enemy, and the unfortunate passion which rendered all his noble qualities of no avail, but to hurl him to a premature grave!

The honor and respect due to his rank and character, and the delicacy claimed by his sad end, were religiously observed by the amiable beings, who sensibly felt that he was born, equally with themselves, to feel, to honor, and to extend the blessings, which by his death devolved on them.

These sacred duties performed, the impression of sadness which had cast a

temporary gloom over the chateau—faded before the delightful anticipation of that period, when they should press to their fond hearts the long desired pledge of their mutual love. Hope allowed not a doubt of the sex—the health—the life of the expected treasure; for which daily plans were formed—daily preparations made, that cheated of half their length the many months that must necessarily intervene between expectation and certainty.

Whilst the Count and Countess de Mornie were thus indulging in bright visions of increasing happiness, Eleonora, was passing her hours of affliction in the solitary seclusion of a convent—not in weak repinings at a lot she was sensible she might have rendered more fortunate—not in the soothings that she should again emerge from her retirement with matured charms, and undiminished power.—No; the severe les-

son she had received from that stern reformer, adversity, had driven her to seek, and happily to find, in the offered friendship of the lady Abbess, that steady—fervent—and liberal-minded affection, so necessary to soften her sorrows, and encourage the efforts of an untamed mind in conquering a natural propensity to unbounded pleasure.

This amiable nun, wholly devoid of that monastic severity and bigotry which prides itself in magnifying the frailties of human nature into unpardonable crimes—and clearly discriminating between offences arising from the inflamed imagination of unbroken youth, and those originating in a vitiated mind, cherished in Eleonora the inspiring belief, that not only her own esteem, but that of the world was redeemable.

It was under the guiding wisdom and indulgent precepts of this saintly being, that the ardent fire which had given to

the spirits of Eleonora their volatile animation—and to her passions their untempered warmth—served now to warm her mind to nobler feelings—and awakened in it that internal light, whose penetrating ray developing the minutest distinctions of virtue and vice enabled her to discern with clearness, and to feel with conviction, the errors of her former conduct.

From this moment the yielding weakness of her nature to every pleasurable temptation—and the unfeeling inconstancy of her heart in obedience to the caprices of a sanguine fancy, gave place to an elevated firmness of sentiment, and a delicacy of feeling, which were gradually strengthened by an undeviating perseverance in the road they directed her to follow in the pursuit of that real good—the respect—the esteem—the love, of the wise and virtuous.

Influenced by these new-born senti-

ments, she had during her residence in the convent written several letters to her father, imploring him to grant that pardon to her sorrows and corrected follies, which he had denied to the unrepented independence she had shewn by forming an engagament unsanctioned by him. Eleonora was suffering under the despair of softening his resentment—when the conviction of a circumstance, at once unthought of, and of a nature to blend the extremes of pleasure and pain, burst on her senses with a shock that threatened, by the tumultuous emotions with which it filled her soul, to rouse in all its vigor that passionate warmth of temper which had already warped her character. But as reflection analyzed the feared—the wished-for blessing, recollections the most painful and afflicting mingled with her raptures, and, tempering their excess, they settled into that chastened enthusiasm which

gives life to sensibility, and grace to affection.

Over this treasured secret, Eloanora meditated for months—sometimes the bland smiles of hope would win her to view the future through the medium of her own bright and glowing colours—sometimes, permitting the gloom of the past to cloud the prospect with threatening storms, her apprehensive senses would construe them into a warning that unalloyed pleasure from so doubtful a good was to be found in concealment only—till the obligation of making the important event in expectation public, was decisively pressed upon her consideration as a sacred duty, by the belief that it would be the means of restoring her to the favor of her offended father.

This thought once entertained, it strengthened as she dwelt upon it, and at length created the courage necessary for confiding to that parent the cause of

the joy and sorrow—the hopes and fears, which had so long swelled her bosom with fluctuating feelings.

You have no doubt, my lord, guessed ere this, that secret which drew from Count Altenberg the following

LETTER.

Your grief, your remorse, confirmed by the purity and decorum of your life, since the period of that bloody tragedy, of which I blush to remember you were the heroine—entitle you to claim from me some confidence in the promise they give of your regaining the paths of peace through those of virtue—paths, which, if steadily pursued, will once more lead you to the arms of your only parent.

With affecting emotion I learn that you are on the point yourself of becoming one—with no less emotion will

you now learn to judge how greatly you must have outraged my feelings when you made me, in bitterness of heart, regret that I had ever through you been made a father.

On finding you had fortunately formed a union with a man of worth, you arrogated to yourself that merit, due alone to chance—and felt yourself justified in treating with indifference the wounds, your want of respect, of duty, of affection, inflicted on the sensibility and honor of your parent. Now—but you repent—are in sorrow and need my pity—are deserted and want my protection.—Win my pardon by obedience, and it is your's.

Your romantic plan of obscurity and retirement for yourself and infant, I forbid—the child of my child must hold a name and rank in society. That of Villerose will, by right, belong to it—that right I will support

with the whole weight of my power and fortune.

Continue under the care and protection of the Abbess till I take you under mine. I would not have you quit the estimable lady, who can answer for every action of your life since the day following that on which you really became a widow.

The instant the momentous event has taken place, I have given the bearer of this (my confidential secretary) orders to send off the courier, who attends him, with the intelligence to him, who once more subscribes himself,

Your Father,

ALTENBERG.

At the expected period Eleonora gave birth to a lovely boy, and the appointed courier instantly departed to carry the information to Count Altenberg, who,

unknown to his daughter, was already within two day's journey of Strasbourg. Though still struggling with some remains of that displeasure, disappointed affection seldom entirely conquers, it soon yielded to the new and endearing claimant for pardon, which in idea, was presented to him in his grandson—and before Eleonora could hope it, she was, with her infant blessing, folded to the forgiving bosom of her father.

Count Altenberg's rank gave him a right to expect from the hands of the Bishop of Strasbourg the baptismal benediction on his grandson—who was, by that prelate, christened, at his request, Louis-Philip Altenberg. Having taken due care that no form or ceremony should be wanting to attest the legality of its birth, he dispatched his secretary to give the Count de Mornie private intelligence of this event, which deprived him of the title and estates he now held

under the belief that he was sole heir to his cousin, the late Marquis de Villerose.

The unwelcome emissary found the chateau one scene of boundless joy, and generous festivity! It was the first day of the Countess de Mornie's receiving the public congratulations of her neighbours—her friends, her tenants, and those who were ever kindly cherished by her, the poor—on the happy event of giving an heir to the beautiful and fertile domains of Liancour.

The double severity of such a shock, given whilst the heart is filled with delight, and the expanding mind embraces in its scope years of prosperous and undiminished felicity, I must leave to your imagination.

The Count de Mornie, on a second notice (formally and officially served) to make restitution of the estates illegally withheld from the infant son and

heir of the Marquis de Villerose, disputed the claim of that infant to be considered as the heir of his cousin, on the grounds that the second marriage of Eleonora with the Marquis D'Aubigné had been consummated before the return of her first husband to France—consequently the child's claim, if it had any claim at all, must be on the honors and fortunes of the Marquis D'Aubigné.

Hubert de Crevecoeur, who assumed, as his heir, that title on the death of the last named nobleman, maintained that the Marquis de Villerose, having returned the day after the nuptials of D'Aubigné with Eleonora de Villerose, and carrying her off that same night, had not only confirmed the priority of his rights, but in renewing those rights, had indubitably established the child's claims to his paternity.

So plausible were the arguments on

each side, and so intricate the case in discussion, that it was evident to both, the law alone could decide it. To the arbitration of the law therefore it was committed.

This cause, involving in its consequences the happiness or ruin of two of the noblest families in France, rested on points of such nice decision, that it could not fail of exciting universal interest and curiosity, as the period approached which was to decide the momentous question; though, in any other case, the more than usual procrastination which had impeded the proceedings for five years, would have wholly banished it from the minds of all those not personally concerned in the event.

The gentlemen of the long robe, consulted and employed by the Count de Mornie in this singular suit, inspired by his never failing hospitality and liberal presents, had talked so eloquent-

ly in favour of his right to the succession, and so clearly proved to his understanding that the trial would only tend to confirm to him the present enjoyment of his possessions, by securing him against any after claims which the infant plaintiff might otherwise in manhood be tempted to bring forward; that at length he rested confidently on their encouraging prophecies, and once more gave himself up to the enjoyment of his domestic blessings.

Not so the Countess—corroding anxiety took possession of her heart, and turned the blessing so long desired into a continual source of misery.

No longer with extatic pleasure did she watch the opening mind and springing virtues of her boy—no longer with a throb of delight did she trace in his infant lineaments the dawning beauty of his father's features; the more of promised excellence she discovered, with

deeper anguish her foreboding soul reflected on that threatened poverty which would blast their beauteous blossoms! But, resolute in concealing these agonizing fears from the Count, they secretly preyed upon her springs of life, and she fell a sacrifice to this silent grief ere Adelcour had completed his fourth year.

The Count de Mornie, whose happiness was deposited in the bosom of his Adelaide, sought not to struggle against the shock which wrecked it—and, ere the important epocha which fixed his fate, Adelcour became an orphan!

The day big with that fate arrived. The court was crowded beyond example—and the deep interest all felt for the different parties to which they were partially attached, created an awful suspense, an eager anxiety, which rendered every word of the pleaders distinctly heard during the silence which infixed

attention was maintained, till the important—the decisive judgment was given. A pause—which preceded the delivery of the award, by raising impatience to a breathless height, gave greater solemnity to the verdict, when it at length declared.—

"The infant son of Eleonora, Louis Philippe Altenberg, Heir alike, and equally, to the names—the titles—and the estates of Louis Philippe, Marquis de Villerose, and of Albert Saint Foy, Marquis D'Aubigné.————

And thus fell the fortunes of Adelcour de Mornie.*

* This remarkable decision, given in a case precisely similar in its leading circumstances, is inserted in the law records of France. "Le parlement de cette province par son *Arret* (says the reporter of the cause) ordonna que l' enfant qui etoit un Garçon, porteroit le nom des deux maris, et lui ajugea leur successions. Soutenez apres cela que l' on na jamais qu'un pere, voila pourtant une double paternitè sur la tete de cet enfant, un parlement la decide."

The writer of this was the friend of D'Aubigné, so often mentioned in this narrative—disappointed by the death of that nobleman of all chance of entering the army with any prospect of success, and losing in that disappointment the hope of winning the object of his affections, he accepted, with a kind of despairing resignation, the recommendation of the Count de Bourg to the patronage of the Bishop of Marseilles; and immediately taking orders, became in time his domestic chaplain.

Two years he had held this situation, when the young Adelcour de Mornie was received in the palace of his uncle with all the honors and affection of an adopted son. The same sanguine hopes of success which flattered the Count into peace were entertained with still more tenaciousness by his lordship, whose pride forbade the supposition that any cause espoused by him could fail of

success. With this assurance, he saw in young Adelcour's exalted rank and splendid fortune, a nephew worthy of his care and love; but when—vain would be concealment—the law despoiled the unfortunate boy of his expected inheritance, and an unrewarded responsibility was all the advantage the Bishop was likely to reap from his guardianship, pride and avarice, the ruling passions of his lordship's mind, closed it against even the appearance of those feelings which he believed had influenced him to extend his protection to his orphaned nephew; and an event, which at this time took place, confirmed for ever this change of disposition.

It was the birth of a child, who had nearer claim upon him than it was decorous to own. Thus rivalled in the affections of his uncle, and ruined in his fortunes, Adelcour was consigned to the care of a distant relation, whose bigotry,

seconded by her inability to provide for him suitably to his birth, naturally led her to approve and forward the Bishop's plan of early bending his young mind, by a life of solitude, to submit to take upon himself those vows which would condemn him to it for ever.

Impossible would be the attempt to describe the shock with which this narrative, like a thunderbolt, shot through the heart of the unfortunate Villerose. Great God! the offspring of that wretched Eleonora, whose roving affections and fickle conduct had alike hurried to a premature grave her first and second love;—the annihilator of the happiness of the amiable Countess de Mornie and her lord—the blighter of the once fair prospects of their excellent son—the enjoyer of possessions, which, but for claims that were at least dubious, would by right have descended to that

hapless youth—and the nephew of D'Aubry was—himself! Himself—endowed by nature with a soul proudly alive to the slightest stain of dishonor—preferring death to even the faintest shade of disgrace. Yes!—he was indeed that ill-fated child, born, as it should seem, to perpetuate the memory of the bloody history of his erring mother.

Well might that mother have buried herself in the profoundest solitude, from that dreadful epocha—Well might she have rejoiced at the approach of that hour which covered with the impenetrable veil of death, ere the ignominy of his birth reached the knowledge of her unsuspicious son. Unhappy son! —marked out, as he believed, as an object fit to be pointed at by "the slow moving finger of scorn," as the usurper of the rights of others:—as at once the representative and the disgrace

of the noble families whose names he bore.

No!—imagination cannot paint the complicated, the overwhelming feelings with which the finely-tempered soul of Villerose first received the impression that he was at once stripped of all that honorable respectability to which he had hitherto believed his claims indisputable.

The assertion of the Count D'Aubry, uttered with all the galling bitterness of marked contempt—that *disgrace* and *infamy* were his inheritance, still vibrated on his ear, and made him hateful to himself—for to wash out such stains he felt to be impossible.

What were now his pretensions to the object of his enthusiastic affection? Had he not been repulsed by the father of the Baroness as one with whom it was contamination to ally his family?

That dreaded yet unknown evil,

which gloomy presentiment had for some time taught him to fear impended over him, had suddenly burst on his devoted head—and for ever swept him from the sight of her in whom alone he lived.

The amiable, the too sensitive, the wretched Villerose, in the present disordered state of his mind, conceived the contumely he had experienced from the Count D'Aubry to be but a specimen of what he had in future to expect from others. Even the Baroness, heretofore kind, considerate, maternal in her attentions towards him, must have participated in the general disgust his situation had engendered, to have placed in his hands, at such a moment—without preparation — without precaution — a history, calculated to lascerate the tenderest fibres of his heart.

The Marquis was roused from the agonizing reflections with which his

mind was filled by a domestic, who informed him the equipage he had ordered to be in readiness on his return, to take him to the chateau D'Aubry, was in waiting.

Villerose started as from a frightful dream—yet he seemed wakened but to keener anguish.

"To D'Aubry!" mentally ejaculated he. "Oh! never—never." Now fixing on the domestic, who awaited his commands, his haggard looks, he articulated with difficulty the name of De Lerma.

The man replied that Don Alphonso had left the hotel some hours back, with the intention of proceeding immediately to Spain, as his valet had informed him. A few moments before, Villerose believed that nothing could have aggravated the agony of his mind; but this intelligence proved that he had judged erroneously. Under the influence of his dreadful perturbation, the sudden departure of his

friend, precisely at this period, appeared to him the result of his having discovered the fatal story which swelled his own bosom almost to bursting; his deserting him at such a moment, but a new instance of the ignominy with which, in common, with the rest of the world, he regarded him as covered.

This unhappy young man soon became firmly persuaded that the proud soul of De Lerma, glorying, as he well knew, in the untarnished lustre of his own noble family, now regarded him, whom he had hitherto imagined as indisputably born to the same honorable distinctions, as degraded, by the event which had rendered his rights problematical. To what a dreadful family history had the establishing these doubtful rights given publicity—a history, which should have been allowed to sink into profound oblivion!

At present all was anarchy in the tor-

tured breast of Villerose! yet one powerful feeling predominated; it was the escaping from every eye, till he had ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt, the truth of what he had just learnt.

The obvious means of doing this, was to return to that mansion which he had recently quitted, and questioning the venerable Otho respecting the circumstances with which he must, from his long residence in the family, be fully acquainted.

This resolution once taken, the Marquis did not delay its execution, but, without leaving word whither he was going, set out immediately for Liancour, and travelled without intermission till he reached that seat.

During the progress of his journey, a thousand circumstances of his past life returned on his memory to damp the occasionally rising hope, that all might still be found to be but a frightful mistake.

The disdainful haughtiness evinced towards him by his maternal uncle—his positively refusing to acknowledge and receive him as a nephew—the marked, and hitherto unaccountable slight shewn him by the young Count Altenberg, at the Prince of Verona's, from the moment he recognized in him the son of Eleonora—these, and many other instances, till now, nearly forgotten, passed in harrowing review through his tortured mind; and concurred to strengthen his worst fears, that even his nearest relatives sympathized in the contemptuous feelings manifested towards him by the Count D'Aubry.

It was in a state of the most dreadful mental suffering that Villerose led the way to his library, on his arrival at Liancour, followed by Otho.

That good old man was shocked at the situation in which he beheld his young lord; whose benevolent charac-

ter and amiable manners, had endeared him to every one, during his late residence at the chateau, but particularly to himself.

Those feelings were, however, quickly superceded by surprise and consternation, when after impatiently fastening the door on them, the Marquis, strictly interrogated him as to the history of his parents.

Unhappy Villerose! the answers wrung from the mouth of the upright Otho, only tended to prove that the narrative of the chaplain had been dictated by one rather prone to gloss over the errors of Eleonora, than to exaggerate her levity.

Otho minutely detailed the particulars of her first arrival at Liancour—the admiration with which her dazzling beauty had inspired all who looked on her—her marriage with the Marquis de Villerose—the excessive love they had ma-

nifested towards each other, during their short abode together, before his military duties summoned him to the field of honor—her grief at his departure—the proofs she intended to give of it in the embellishment of the boudoir, in which she had caused the remarkable portrait, representing their parting interview to be placed—her short-lived despair at the intelligence of his death, and her soon after yielding t. the entreaties of a friend, to seek a relaxation from her grief, by visiting her at Strasbourg. He then touched on the arrival of the Count de Mornie, who on the supposed death of his kinsman took possession, as his heir, of the estate of Liancour—the virtues of his amiable lady, the general comfort and happiness diffused around them by their goodness. The surprise with which those who had witnessed the sorrow of Eleonora at the loss of her lord, had learnt, not long after, that she

was about to make a second choice—the fatal consequences of that premature marriage.—The notice some months after, that an infant heir was born to dispute the title of the Count to the estates of Villerose—its effect on the Countess, terminating in the loss of happiness, and life of that estimable pair; and finally, the decision of the long pending cause, which had stripped their lovely boy of fortune, to give it to the child of Eleonora. It was with much feeling the steward mentioned the deep sense that repentant lady had entertained of the tragic catastrophe, to which her levity had led; and her consequent resolution to quit for ever a country which had been the theatre of such scenes of horror; yet, it appeared but too evident, from the guarded manner in which he alluded to this part of the Marchioness's history, that her conduct, contrasted with that of the Countess de Mornie,

had made a general impression too adverse to her hoping to receive those marks of respect to which she had been once accustomed, not to render her self-exile a measure of equal prudence and propriety.

The number of years, however, which had rolled away since the memorable *arret* in favor of her son, had softened the indignation which it had originally excited; and the removal of the young Adelcour from the sight of those friends, who at first felt an interest in his fate, had alike effaced *him* and his ill fortune from the memory of the survivors.

"But what can efface this tale of infamy from *my* memory;" exclaimed the dreadfully agitated Villerose, when Otho, in obedience to his signal, left him to himself. "What can banish from *my* remembrance the contumely to which I have been exposed! Oh! my mother,

to what complicated miseries have you rendered me the heir.

Enviable de Mornie! poor, yet honorable!—stripped of inheritance, yet respected!—abandoned by those who should have fostered you, yet capable by your intrinsic virtue, of securing a heart which wealth could not have purchased. Yet the despised, the undone Villerose, will teach you to appreciate in him a soul not less elevated than your own—yes, he will even force the Count D'Aubry to confess that his mind partakes not of his destiny.

Such were the resolutions which restored the first portion of calmness to the bosom of the Marquis, that had visited it since his interview with the Count. To live disgraced, he felt to be impossible; his high, romantic sense of honor, spurned the idea of continuing to enjoy possessions, which appeared to him the means of at once perpetuating the

story of his doubtful rights, and sanctioning the opinion that his character was not less exceptionable than his once disputed claims.

Solitude, abstinence, and total want of rest, contributed, with agonizing reflections on his situation, to occasion the late ferment of his mind gradually to subside into the settled gloom of deep despair.

Many concurring circumstances, unhappily tended to impress his wretched heart with the belief that the Count D'Aubry had spoken the sentiments of the Baron's whole family; whose discovery of his unsuspected history had changed their former approbation of his alliance with their daughter, into insurmountable repugnance.

The erroneous conjecture that it was the, till now, benevolent Baroness Isenberg, who with such total disregard of the deadly wound it must inflict, had

sent it to him through the medium of a servant, but the moment after he had received an insulting dismissal from her father, he thought equally decisive of her entire rejection of him, and want of interest in his future fate. The longer Villerose contemplated that future fate, the more desperate it appeared. Despised—abandoned by those to whom he was alone attached, at a time too when the soothing voice of friendship was so necessary to reconcile him to his situation, the chivalric soul of the Marquis formed an irrevocable determination, which he hastened to take the proper measures for carrying into execution. It was the yielding up those possessions to the heirs of Villerose and D'Aubigné, which, but for himself would have in course descended to them.

A gleam of melancholy triumph broke through the gloom of his despondence,

while he anticipated a revenge, noble, as the heart from whence its suggestion emanated. For himself he believed nothing remained but irremediable misery, yet he felt convinced, the insupportable sensation of disgrace which now pressed him to the earth, would be lightened, when he had for ever disappeared from a station, to maintain which, was incompatible with his refined and romantic sense of honor.

Nor let his character, because uncommon, be deemed unnatural.* Villerose

* The author was personally acquainted with a young man, who till arrangements were making for his entering the army, had ever considered himself as the *future representative* of his family. On this occasion it was discovered to the youth that the *entailed* estate must, by law, descend to his younger brother, born by the same mother, but *after* marriage. It was expected, however, that he would be consoled for this mortification, by his father's settling on him the whole of his unentailed property, which doubled in value the here-

educated in retirement, had formed to himself, from the study of the most exalted examples in his own sex. (on whose records he had from his very boyhood loved to dwell) a standard of manly virtue, almost beyond the attainment of humanity. The contemplation of its effect on his opening character had formed at once the delight and torture of his mother. At times, when she beheld his animated countenance instantly crimson with indignation at the relation of an action, which could cast a doubtful shade on any one, who ought to have made himself respected; while she adored the aspiring honor of his mind which promised to ennoble his career through life, she trembled at the effect the history of

ditary possessions But *pride*, not avarice, were the ruling passions of the youth—after the discovery of his illegitimacy, he never more could be prevailed on to see his mother, and soon fell a victim to that carelessness of life, which originated in a deep sense of personal humiliation.

her errors must, when known, produce on his enthusiastic and sensitive soul.

She was aware her son inherited all the impassioned ardour which characterised her in her early years; but in him it was curbed by principle, by virtue, guided into its proper course, and Eleonora dreaded the approach of that period, when he must become acquainted with the horrors, to which her once ill-regulated mind had led.

That shock however she was not destined to experience. Villerose had scarcely attained his eighteenth year, when she felt the near approach of the hour which was to separate them for ever on this side eternity.

Eleonora hailed its approach with joy, yet anxiety respecting the effect a knowledge of her story would one day produce on her son, embittered the last moments she passed with him.

It was in the hope a freer intercourse

with the world might blunt those keen and romantic feelings which then distinguished him, that she exacted the promise of his passing the intervening years between her death, and his arriving at majority, in visiting other countries, previous to his returning to take possession of his inheritance in that of his nativity.

The early friendship to which accident had at first given rise, between Don Alphonso and the Marquis, however, frustrated the object of this wish; since in their subsequent intercourse, every thing connected with that cavalier, had tended to confirm him in the highly raised ideas he had conceived, both of the degree of perfection to which man is capable of attaining, and the honorable consideration established by it, in the country to which he owes his birth.

Villerose had fondly looked forward

to the period when, in the land of his forefathers, the exercise of similar virtues might challenge for himself, the respect—the love—the general esteem of which he saw his friend the object. Sweeter hopes had since sprung up in his mind, connected with more than he had hitherto conceived of human happiness; but at the moment he believed himself about to reach the promised bliss, an impassable gulph had suddenly opened at his feet, and separated him from it for ever.

Soon after the termination of the Marquis's interview with the Count D'Aubry, the Baroness, who was alike unsuspicious of the secret motive which had actuated her father to desire it, and the terms on which they had parted, sent her woman to request Villerose not to quit the hotel till she had seen him.

Her messenger found on enquiry that

he was already departed; and encountering on her way back, the lacquey who had given the wrong packet to the Marquis, with the same inattention, he delivered into the hands of the woman the letter of Don Alphonso, saying it was for his lady. Madame Isenberg, however, immediately discovering the mistake, put it by, not doubting but Villerose would call again in the course the day.

While she was awaiting in impatient expectation for his arrival, she received a summons to attend her father; whom she found so greatly agitated and indisposed, that she enquired with much alarm the cause.

That cause was soon explained by the irritated Count; who surprised his daughter by the history he unfolded, as much as his repetition of what had passed between him and the unhappy Villerose, grieved and shocked her.

The Count after concluding his narration, declared with terrific vehemence, that he could never regard him in any other light than a debased usurper of his nephew's rights ; nor could that iniquitous *arret*, which had wrested from the injured De Crevecoeur, the possessions of D'Aubigné, to confer them on the son of Eleonora, remove from him the disgraceful stigma to which the degeneracy of his mother rendered him the heir. So feeling, he added, he should while life was lent him, strenuously oppose his union with their daughter, as a measure abhorrent to his soul.

The bewildered Madame Isenberg, incapable of speech, continued to listen in encreasing agitation to the disclosure that De Crevecoeur had, in her youngest daughter, found the first object capable of consoling him for the disappointment with which her own breach of faith and filial disobedience, had

cruelly clouded his early days. He said, the affection with which Viola had inspired his nephew was no sudden caprice—for that it had originated many months before their arrival in Paris; but he left to himself the task of explaining all farther particulars.

The day had completely closed before the Baroness quitted the apartment of of her father; and it was with a mind distracted by various anxieties, that she seized the moment of being alone to dispatch a servant to the Marquis's hotel, requesting to see him immediately.

The answer which was brought back, informed her that he had left Paris some hours before for the chateau D'Aubry, as they imagined, since he had in the morning, before going out, ordered his travelling carriage to be in readiness to take him thither on his return.

The Baroness felt somewhat relieved

by the hope with which this information inspired her—for she entertained no doubt but he was gone to consult the Baron, on whose judgment, delicacy, and discretion, she felt the most perfect reliance; and she became persuaded she should see them both on the following day.

It had been intended when the rest of the family set out for D'Aubry, that Sigismond should remain to bear his mother company, during the period of their separation; but it so happened, that soon after their departure he met unexpectedly in the street, with a pleasant travelling acquaintance, whom he had not for some months seen, and who found no difficulty in persuading him to take a little excursion with him into the country, on condition of their returning sufficiently early for him to fulfil the engagement, into which he had entered, of attending the ball

of the Duchess de Melcour in the evening.

The party of gay young people, however, whom he found assembled at the mansion to which his companion introduced him, was so congenial with the taste of the usually thoughtless Sigismond, that after partaking with them of a convivial entertainment, he was easily prevailed on, rather than break up the company, to give over the plan of returning to Paris that night; contenting himself with sending a servant to acquaint his mother with the cause of his absence.

The same cause detained him the whole of the next day; and on the one following, instead of returning to Paris, he accompanied his friend and the rest of the party on a distant sporting expedition; nor was it till a fortnight after he left the hotel D'Aubry that he returned thither.

In the intermediate time, that house

had been a scene of accumulated and distressing embarrassments. The next morning, instead of bringing to Madame Isenberg the consolation she had hoped, in the return of Villerose with the Baron, she learnt with consternation from that nobleman, who arrived there alone about noon, that he had neither seen nor heard any thing respecting the Marquis since he last parted from her. He had now come for the purpose of communicating to her the extraordinary purport of Don Alphonso's letter which he did not receive till late the night before.

There are points of mental anxiety which seem scarcely to admit of further augmentation. That of the Baroness appeared to have reached its acmé, when she found the hopes which had lulled her into the belief that the Marquis was acting under the advice of her lord, were entirely falacious; and while her heart was filled with apprehension respecting

the happiness of two of her daughters, she listened with temporary indifference to the mortifying rejection of the third, by a lover who had so recently solicited her of her parents.

Madame Isenberg now found herself under the painful necessity of entering into the details of the Marquis's history; relating what had passed between him and her father; and expressing the anxiety she felt at his sudden disappearance without previously seeking an interview with any other part of the family.

The Baron who sincerely loved Villerose, and knew the sensitiveness of his nature, caught the alarm she expressed; and in the hope of dissipating it, went immediately to his hotel, where he found that the domestics were still ignorant of his movements. A conversation, however, into which he entered with one of them, suggested the idea that he had certainly followed his friend to Dauphiny.

The more the Baron considered this the greater probability it assumed; and before his return to Madame Isenberg, the conviction of its truth gave a complete turn to his feelings regarding the Marquis, from those under whose influence he had left her.

The pique to which Don Alphonso's letter had given birth, roused a tenaciousness respecting him, which made the Baron think Villerose's selecting him as his adviser on this occasion, rendered it equally inconsistent with his own dignity and character to persevere in seeking him; and the point of view in which he placed it to his lady, made her for the present a convert to his opinion.

With respect to the pretensions of de Crevecoeur, the Baron treated them as too extravagant to deserve notice; observing, with emotion, that much as he desired to retain the friendship of her father, his sacrificing the happiness of

their child for the attainment of that object, would be assuming to himself a right with which Heaven had not invested him.

The tenderness manifested for their offspring by the Baron while dwelling on this topic, made Madame Isenberg, without uttering a word, take from her cabinet the journals of Pauline and place them in his hands; then sinking into a chair opposite him, she fixed her eyes on his countenance, while with eager, yet deep interest he made himself master of their contents.

On concluding the perusal, forgetful of the presence of his wife, the Baron started from his seat, and uttering some broken sentences expressive of the wound Pauline's long want of confidence in her parents had given him, was quitting the apartment in extreme agitation, when, a word at once arrested his steps and gave an instantaneous and total change to the current of his feelings.

"Rodolph!"——————————
said Madame Isenberg, in that voice of sensibility and self-reproach, which never failed to find its way directly to his heart.—

The Baron turned precipitately towards her, and read in the expression of her beautiful features, those pleadings to which her faultering tongue refused to give utterance. She would have said, *My child has stopped short of that last act of parental defiance of which her mother set her the example.*

For a moment the Baron paused in painful consciousness of the deserved retribution—in the next, extending his arms towards her whom he had tempted to her breach of filial duty, he pressed her to his bosom with a tenderness which convinced her he no longer felt resentment towards the repentant Pauline.

A summons from her father, soon

after, carried Madame Isenberg to his room; and, during her absence, the Baron went to the Hotel de Saintville for the purpose of seeing Carenthéa, with whom he wished to confer previous to his answering the epistle of De Lerma.

He found his daughter alone, and was convinced, by her whole manner, that her mind was ill at ease; though she endeavoured, by assuming an air of gaiety, which did not sit easily upon her, to appear unconcerned. The Baron, however, soon introduced the subject which had brought him to her; and after drawing from her an acknowledgment of some part of what had passed at the Duchess de Malcour's, which, as she related it, appeared by no means to justify the conduct of De Lerma, he took from his pocket the letter of that cavalier, and desired her to read it, that she might be the better qualified to

instruct him what answer he was to return.

Nothing, but the uncommon share of pride which Carenthéa possessed, could have enabled her to conceal the emotions with which she ran over his resignation of all further claim on her regard. That pride, however, so well supported her in his presence, that the Baron was completely deceived as to her real sentiments; and he left her with the impression that she had received with happy indifference an event, which he was prepared to find would very sensibly affect her.

As the affair had terminated, he thought this circumstance highly consolatory; and on his return to the count's hotel, immediately wrote and dispatched the polite but cold acceptation of Don Alphonso's resignation of his daughter, which occasioned his proceeding towards Spain.

Carenthéa was, in the meanwhile, suffering, for the first time in her life, severe and complicated mental agony. Regret at the loss of a lover whom she had never justly appreciated from the period he became so, till that in which she had lost him—her vanity sorely wounded at the ease with which he had broken his chains—and an almost insupportable sense of the humiliating light, in which a *deserted lady* is viewed by all who know her—each, by turns, took the lead in her imagination, accompanied by the most tormenting indignation against the cause of her distress—the perjured Don Alphonso.

It was in the hope, by the assistance of company to recover her lost spirits, before she returned to her family, that she was prevailed on by Ninon de Saintville, to change a resolution she had in the morning made of not accompanying her and the Duchess to a

party, to which they wished to carry her that evening. She had besides two other motives for now yielding to their persuasions—the one convincing the world of her indifference towards De Lerma—the other, the hope that he would be made acquainted with the attentions which, she doubted not, she should receive from Don Emanuel and several cavaliers, who professed to Ninon in her hearing—that they greatly envied the Portuguese Prince the happiness of her almost exclusive acquaintance, on the evening of the ball.

Carenthéa tried to hope that she should receive, in the flattering attentions of some of these admirers, an alleviation of her present unhappiness, and with a heavy heart she prepared to attend the Duchess.

In following her Grace into the saloon of that lady's friend, in which was already assembled a very brilliant party,

they were met by Don Emanuel, who piqued at the little impression his former devoirs had made on Carenthéa, scarcely deigned to recognize her; but bestowed all those little gallantries, of which he had on that occasion, at first, been so lavish to herself, on one who received them with the most flattering pleasure.

The Duchess, equally charmed with the handsome person of the Prince, his graceful attentions, and the consequence attached to his approbation, spared no pains to improve the partiality he manifested towards her; and the Prince, on his part, became for a while the real admirer of her Grace.

Lovely as nature had formed Carenthéa, she had yet to learn she had been principally indebted for the gratifying effect her attractions appeared to produce, on the first night of her public appearance, to the capricious preference

of that happy personage who was just then, by general sufferage, allowed to direct the ever changeful taste of fashion, in that fashionable metropolis.

Don Emanuel, however, quitting her in disgust, sometime before her leaving the ball, the witticisms with which he amused the Duchess at her expense, many of which had been repeated till they were generally known; and finally, his marked slight of her this evening, were completely decisive in the opinion of the admirers of the Portuguese Prince, (and who amongst the followers of fashion did not admire him?)—that the high tone of admiration in which she had been at first universally panegyrised, had been assumed for one destitute of those claims, which could alone render it legitimate.

To the surprise and exquisite mortification of Carenthéa, therefore, she found that Don Emanuel, in the with-

drawing from her the éclat of *his* approbation, stripped her in the opinion of this polite assembly, of all those attractions which she had never, till now, doubted that she owed to herself alone.

She remained silent, unnoticed even by those who had on a former occasion expressed so lively a desire to be introduced to her—dispirited—feeling herself forlorn and solitary, though surrounded by company, splendor, and gaiety.

"This then is the world!—to gain whose capricious favor I have sacrificed De Lerma!" exclaimed Carenthéa, as laying her head on her pillow she gave way to a passionate indulgence of that sorrow, which she had with so much difficulty controuled, till she once more found herself alone in her chamber.—"To grasp so fleeting an illusion as *fashionable distinction*, have I trifled with his noble heart till I have irrecoverably lost it.?"

Let us leave her to reflect and weep over the severe, but salutary lesson which she had received; and while she is smarting under her merited chastisement, which she did not feel the less keenly from the consciousness that it was the effect of her own errors, we will return to the hotel D'Aubry, where the Baron and his lady passed the night in much uneasiness.

The former had had an interview with the Count, and had left him much exasperated by his positive, but temperate refusal to enforce his wishes, by breaking with the Marquis, and compelling his youngest daughter to espouse her cousin.

In the course of this conversation, many allusions to the events of former years had fallen from the lips of both; which tended secretly to irritate the parties, without answering any other purpose.

The Count by assuming too high a tone of parental authority, piqued the Baron into taking the opposite extreme; and Madame Isenberg perceived, with grief, that the moment approached when it was more than probable that she should see that family breach, which she had hoped was for ever closed, opened still wider than before.

De Crevecoeur had ever made his unconquerable affection for Gertrude, his excuse for declining to enter into either of the matrimonial alliances, which his uncle (who since her elopement had resolved to make him his sole heir) from time to time proposed to him.

So well did the nephew understand the art of subduing the to others, unbending spirit of the Count, that his very disobedience in these instances, in the end, but the more attached him to his kinsman.

Greatly as the Count D'Aubry de-

sired to see De Crevecoeur united to some lady, in whose children he might behold his future representatives, whenever his ire was kindled at his refusal of any particular object, Hubert, contrived to damp the rising flame, by alluding to the matchless graces of her whom he had himself trained him to love.

The feeling with which he would, at such times, dwell on the early endowments of Gertrude—and the revival of many nearly forgotten, but endearing traits which had fascinated the heart of her then partial father, soon brought him to acknowledge, that the man who had fixed his early affections on *his* daughter, might be pardoned for not being able to transfer them to another. Yet De Crevecoeur, with consummate policy, while he availed himself of the parental partiality of the father to excuse him from putting a restraint on his own inclinations, took care that the very remem-

brances of what his child had once been to him, should but the more irritate the Count, at the event which frustrated all his future hopes in her.

Thus had years passed away, D'Aubry still flattering himself that time would obliterate from the heart of Hubert, an impression which he unconsciously loved him for retaining, and De Crevecoeur continuing to elude entering into any engagement, though so considerable a portion of his life had in the interim rolled away.

It was some weeks before the arrival of Sigismond at the mansion of his father, after his travels, that Hubert was prevailed on by a party of friends to accompany them into Bavaria to visit a nobleman of their acquaintance. During his stay there, De Crevecoeur had so often heard observations on the family of Isenberg, that, by degrees, an ardent curiosity was lighted up in his bosom,

to behold once more, a being with whom he had once anticipated the uniting his fate.

For the purpose of indulging this wish, he pleaded to his host the necessity of his suddenly returning to Paris; and taking his leave, he sent his servants forward to await his joining them at Munich; then disguising himself under the garb of a traveller, proceeded unattended towards the castle of the Baron, by whom he resolved he would not be known; still feeling a very lively resentment against one who had so deeply injured him.

De Crevecoeur, in this humble character, took up his abode at a neighbouring cottage, the evening before the procession, to which, out of compliment to the Lady Marguerite, Sigismond submitted, the morning after his return.

The occasion was particularly favorable to the views of Hubert; who ex-

pressing to his simple host a desire to partake of the festivities of the chateau, was in the evening introduced by him, into the hall appointed for the ball.

Here De Crevecoeur had not long waited, when the charming family of Isenberg broke on his surprised attention. The Baron, noble and commanding, first entered, leading forward that Gertrude, curiosity to see whom, had rendered him a spectator of the scene.

The delicate girl from whom De Crevecoeur had parted two years before her introduction to her lord, was scarcely cognizable in the majestic—the dignified—the still beautiful matron, who with her lovely family, passed very near him. Yet time, in his course had visited her with so gentle a hand, that he seemed merely to have given those finishing touches to her countenance, which so greatly compensate by expression, for the bloom he steals. The matured mind

—the expanded heart—the tender joys and anxieties of the maternal character, threw a mild lustre, and a softened dignity over the Baroness's features, and rendered her, at eight and thirty, as sweetly interesting to the taste and feeling of the ripened mind, as the glowing charms of the three graces who followed her, did to those of ardent youth. But amongst those graces there was one, who appeared to her cousin, the very being from whom he parted the very morning he quitted D'Aubry, to commence his travels. It was the sweet Viola—who during the remainder of the evening fixed his attention, and engaged his thoughts.

As he hovered near her, and caught her melodious accents addressing Isidore in the language of happy youth—as he watched her frolic movements in the dance, and marked the girlish delight with which the exercise inspired her;

he fancied he again beheld her mother, when in those regretted days of his boyhood, now for ever fled! she had been accustomed to be his partner in the dance—the joyous partaker of his juvenile pastimes.

De Crevecoeur quitted Isenberg the next morning, but he carried with him new regrets and wishes, which were never destined to be realized. He returned to Paris, and on his arrival there was seriously urged by his uncle, who felt his health declining, to make his own election of some lady, with whom he could hope to find happiness.

Hubert required three months to consider this subject, and in the interim took another excursion to Isenberg. Chance directed his second arrival there on the morning of Josephine's marriage; and with the assistance of his former host, he again became the unsuspected witness of the fetes, or rather,

the observer of that fascinating girl, who on this day shone with new attractions in his before partial eyes.

He enquired with jealous anxiety the name of her partner (whom he had scarcely noticed as that of Carenthéa on his former visit) and learnt, with surprise and anger, that he was the very person who stood between himself, and the honors of the House of D'Aubigné, unjustly as he felt, wrested from him, to be given to a usurper of his rights.

De Crevecoeur, little disposed since this discovery to view, with the composure necessary to avoid suspicion, the attentions he was devoting to his envied partner, had wandered to the ruins, that he might uninterruptedly indulge his meditations, and hide from those around him the agitation of his mind.

He entered the armoury, the door of which he found unfastened; and soon after hearing the sound of voices ap-

proaching, was suddenly struck with the idea of concealing himself beneath one of the coats of mail, by which he was surrounded. As by the light, afforded from the external illumination, he viewed his own figure, and compared it with those of the warlike statues beside him, the sound of the speakers whom he had heard became more indistinct, and soon after it was evident they had retreated to a distance.

While De Crevecoeur was considering if he had not better disencumber himself of his accoutrements, and return to his humble resting place, he heard the well remembered voice of Gertrude beneath the window near which he was standing. He listened with attention; and was soon convinced from the self reproachful murmur which escaped her, that her affectionate heart still yearned to be forgiven by her parents.

This conviction inspired him with

the daring project of effecting their reconciliation, as a preliminary step to his uncle's demanding for him in marriage, the daughter of her whom he once had destined for his wife.

Time had not robbed De Crevecoeur, who had scarcely reached his forty-first year, of his personal advantages, at least his favorable acceptation amongst the ladies, taught him to believe so; he therefore felt little doubt but the influence of her grandfather, and the good offices of the Baroness, over one too young to have yet formed any serious attachment, might easily dispose Viola to accept his addresses.

The familiar terms, however, on which he perceived the hated Villerose to be with the family of Isenberg, disturbed him on two accounts—the one, jealousy least his youthful recommendations might anticipate the interest he was himself desirous of making in the heart

of his cousin; the other, the certainty that were his uncle aware that he, whom he hated as the unjust possessor of his nephew's family honors, was a favorite guest at the Baron's, the task would be rendered doubly arduous of bringing him to forgive, and invite to his arms, those against whom he had during so many years nourished a resentment, which now formed a part of his character.

While these reflections passed with the rapidity of thought, through his mind, the idea which suddenly took possession of Gertrude, that her father was no more, revived in the remembrance of Crevecoeur, her early proneness to superstition; and at the same time convinced him, that years had not irradicated a juvenile weakness, of which he had himself artfully laid the foundation, as one calculated to give him an empire over her mind.

This instantly suggested a project by which he hoped to create a vague prejudice against the Marquis, which might operate to check the growing intimacy with her family, without betraying himself, or allowing it to appear that he had ever interfered in his affairs.

It was the abruptly appearing before her under his present questionable disguise; and warning her; *if she would obtain the paternal pardon, to banish Villerose her children's presence.*

For this purpose he followed the Baroness into the chapel; and was on the point of addressing her, when terror at sight of him, by depriving her of her senses, prevented his accomplishing his object.

The voice of the Baron calling on his lady had roused De Crevecoeur, (who was raising her from the ground) to a recollection of his situation—he again laid her gently on the steps of the altar, and

had retreated behind a column of the chapel, when Villerose entered it.

Vexed at the failure of a device, which he was now fully convinced would have stamped the desired impression, he returned to his friendly cottager, under the shelter of whose roof he resolved to remain, till he had found an opportunity of presenting himself to the credulous Madame Isenberg, and effecting his object; resolving that till he had done so, he would not return to Paris, eager as he was once more to visit it, for the purpose of disposing his uncle to enter into his views.

No opportunity, however, offered, before the excursion of the family, which was undertaken for the restoration of the Baroness's health. De Crevecoeur, followed the travellers to the auberge of the little town of Mittewalde, covering with the garb of a mendicant friar, the coat of mail in which he encased him-

self. The disappearance of Pauline, favored his views towards the close of that day, by leading Madame Isenberg, alone, a considerable way from the house in pursuit of her. When throwing off the sacred habit in which he had before been wrapped, he suddenly crossed her path, and accomplished his aim. Though not without incurring the risk of a discovery from the Chevalier Florio, whose unexpected return that way, with his fair companion, would scarcely have afforded him time to have hidden himself amidst the shelter of the neighbouring grove, had not the consciousness of their own clandestine expedition, and a dread of its discovery, too much occupied their attention to allow their noticing surrounding objects.

From Mittewalde, De Crevecoeur now hastened to Paris, under the conviction, from the emotion he had witnessed in the Baroness while he was ad-

dressing her, that he had made the intended impression; and should for the present have nothing to fear from Villerose.

He found his uncle so much affected in temper, by the painful disorder under which he was at that time suffering, and so little pleased with the length of his absence, that it was only by slow degrees he dared to venture to prepare his mind to receive the wishes he afterwards unfolded to him.

The agitation of mind with which the Count at first considered the proposals of his nephew, in the end threw him into that crisis, which had so nearly terminated fatally. He had, however, learnt to think, before the arrival of his daughter's family, that the projected union would afford him greater satisfaction than he had believed since her elopement, any earthly event could have done.

De Crevecoeur, in the eager obedience the Baron and his lady had shewn to the Countess's summons, anticipated as ready an acquiescence in the marriage of which it was to be the precursor; and alike ignorant of the engagement of Viola, and their excursion to Liancour, he had never entertained any jealous fears respecting the Marquis, till the morning on which a letter addressed to his cousin, and sealed with the united arms of Villerose and D'Aubigné, had passed under his observation.

The countenance and whole manner of that ingenuous girl, at once opened his mind to the apprehension that a mutual affection subsisted between them; and on her quitting the room, he hurried to that of his uncle, to whom he communicated the impediment which threatened to frustrate their hopes.

The Count dissembled the rage with which he listened to the recital; for he

dreaded the bloody catastrophe to which a contension between two persons likely to entertain a deadly animosity against each other, might lead. He affected to treat the affair lightly, and in the hope of coming to some satisfactory explanation with his daughter, during his nephew's absence, which might avert the danger, he told him, he was desirous of having some papers of considerable importance, which were deposited in his most remote chateau, conveyed to him; and requested he would that very day set out for the purpose of executing a commission, with which he could not entrust any other than himself.

The absence of Villerose, and the promise his uncle gave him, that he would before his return put an end to the pretensions of the Marquis, supposing he really had any to the hand of his youngest grand-daughter, (a circumstance he affected to doubt,) induced De Cre-

vecoeur, though reluctantly, to set off on his mission; and the subsequent behaviour of the Count was the effect of the indignation and disappointment he felt at the knowledge that the person for whom he had conceived the most rooted dislike, had been not only received by his daughter and her lord, but had presumed in a second instance, like his evil genius, to cross the path of his nephew.

It was under the belief that if left alone with his daughter, he should be better enabled to discover from her the precise terms on which they stood with Villerose, that the Count made the illness of Pauline a plea for proposing the plan which carried the rest of the family to D'Aubry.

The enthusiastic partiality, however, with which Madame Isenberg, in their first conversation spoke of the Marquis, left her father little hope of her ever en-

tering into his feelings with regard to him. His unexpected arrival in Paris, at the very time he was overwhelmed with perplexity in what way he should proceed, suggested to the Count the thought of seeking to pique the pride of Villerose, into withdrawing a claim which he feared his influence would be found insufficient to make his family deny him; and to this end, he engaged his daughter's promise to introduce him on the following day.

Inveterate, indeed, must have been the prejudice of the Count against Villerose, to have enabled that nobleman so cruelly to insult him! but it now formed a leading feature in the character of D'Aubry, to become unreasonable in proportion as he felt himself to blame.

The ingenuous and noble countenance of Villerose—his striking personal advantages, and almost irresistibly engaging manners, joined to the respectful

confidence with which he met the Count, by convincing him of the difficulties he should have to encounter, but the more exasperated him against his amiable visitor.

Little suspecting the total ignorance in which the Marquis had been kept, respecting the history of his parents, he thought a few hints explanatory of the contempt in which he regarded one, whose just claims to the inheritance of *either* of the illustrious houses of which a decision, he deemed iniquitous, had rendered him the representative, must be ever esteemed doubtful, would be sufficient to damp his wish of allying himself with a family, a member of which had so cruelly suffered through him.

The unconsciousness, however, which the Marquis exhibited of meriting even a shadow of obliquy, irritated D'Aubry to give vent to the whole weight of the

passionate indignation which agitated him, and express in all the bitterness of disappointed wishes, his contempt of Villerose's pretensions to honorable distinction.

In his subsequent conversation with the Baron, his vexation at that nobleman's refusing to exert his authority in dissolving the engagement of Viola, was somewhat alleviated by hearing that the Marquis had neither sought her, nor any of her family since his interview with himself—a fact which he had taken certain means to ascertain. The longer he pondered on this circumstance, the higher his hopes rose, that the offended pride of Villerose would occasion that breach, which he despaired of effecting through the influence of his own relations.

As hour after hour glided away without bringing either visit, letter, or message, from the Marquis, who had now been

for some days absent from Paris, the Count's expectations became more and more sanguine as to his having withdrawn his pretensions to his grand-daughter; a measure which he entertained no doubt would lead to the ultimate success of De Crevecoeur; to whom he believed her parents would scarcely refuse their daughter, supposing Villerose had given up his claims to her.

The uncle now became very impatient for the return of his nephew; to whom he resolved on making an immediate donation so liberal, as should place him in a condition to push with greater advantages, his fortune with the object of his second affection. Alas! an event had already overtaken that nephew, which at once rendered vain and illusory, all earthly plans for his establishment! The moment rapidly approached, when of the extensive domains his too partial uncle was in idea destining to his enjoy-

ment, he could only occupy that narrow space, in which, "after life's fitfull fever" the hardy sons of labour, and their envied lords, alike find rest!

The Count was roused one evening from some agreeable anticipations in which he was indulging alone, by remarking a very unusual commotion in the hotel. Doors repeatedly opened and closed—domestics running up and down stairs—confused voices, as in earnest conversation, at length recalled his attention, and made him ring to inquire into the cause. That cause too soon reached his knowledge.

De Crevecoeur, who had so lately left them in a state of health which promised a long life, was brought back wounded and dying!

The long insensibility which succeeded the unfortunate Chevalier's removal to his uncle's hotel, had not yet yielded to any symptoms of returning life when

the Baron obeyed the summons of the alarmed Count, and with all the precaution the excellence of his feeling heart could dictate, broke to that nobleman the situation of his nephew.

The dreadful apprehensions which instantly seized on his mind, in common with those of his daughter and her lord, that Villerose must have been his antagonist, received but too high a color of probability, by the information gathered from the scared attendants of De Crevecoeur.

They all agreed in stating, that their master had stopped on the preceding evening at the Chateau de Belgarde, then occupied by his friend Trémorne—that after supping gaily with a party whom he found assembled there, he had retired to his chamber, where his valet left him in bed. On the following morning Debret, at the usual hour entered his room, and discovered with horror—

his master extended senseless on the floor,—a sword which was passed through his body accounting for the situation to which he was reduced. A Chevalier of noble appearance, whose cold and stiffened limbs proved that he must have some hours before expired, lay breathless near him.

Whom this Chevalier was, or what could have occasioned the fatal encounter, baffled all conjecture at Belgarde—nor could any inquiries lead to the discovery of the means by which the stranger had found access into the chateau.

Assistance had been instantly summoned to the relief of the unhappy combatants, but all efforts used for the restoration of the unknown were vain.

De Crevecoeur, had been for a short time sufficiently revived to articulate, "Carry me to D'Aubry."

From that moment he had continued

speechless—though apparently sensible; and by the entreaty of his looks, and his often laying his hand on the arm of him to whom he expressed this wish, he seemed to urge his obedience. A litter had been in consequence prepared, with all possible dispatch, and the Chevalier, as soon as his wound, which was pronounced mortal, was dressed, slowly conveyed to the mansion of his uncle.

That mansion for many days after his melancholy return to it, continued a scene of deep distress. De Crevecoeur, after lingering more than a week in hopeless agony, expired in the presence of the Baroness, who, with her lord, alternately watched over him, with affectionate zeal.

During this dreadful period, the unhappy Hubert had never entirely recovered the faculty of speech; yet he seemed conscious of Madame Isenberg's kindness, and sensibly touched by it.

While she was sitting by him, he at times sought to direct her attention to his desk, in which was found, after his decease, memoranda of his two secret visits to Isenberg—an explanation of the particulars of his conduct there, and at Mittewalde, with the motives which induced it.

The shock given to his uncle by a blow, terrible as it had been unexpected, was not felt in its full weight, till after the period which consigned his unfortunate nephew to his premature grave.

Tenderness for the helpless Countess, apprehensions of the ill effects scenes of such horror as those by which they were themselves surrounded, might produce on the languid Pauline—and an ardent desire of sparing their Viola any accumulation of those sorrows for which fate seemed to have destined her, induced the Baron and Madame Isenberg

to soften the details of what was passing before them, in the daily accounts which they sent to D'Aubry, till after the termination of De Crevecoeur's sufferings.

It was not till that awful event was passed, (when the Count, requesting the Baron to examine the papers of his nephew, and give all necessary directions on his account, insisted on being left entirely to himself) that Madame Isenberg found leisure to contemplate, with steadiness, the gathering storm which loured around her, threatening in its devastating fury to sweep away the happiness of her beloved daughters.

She now for the first time became fully capable of feeling the astonishing and incredible change which a few weeks had wrought in the prospects of those lovely girls—a thousand times more dear to her than her own life.

The health and tranquillity of Pauline was sacrificed to a clandestine and

imprudent attachment, into which, in the inexperience of girl-hood she had been imperceptibly drawn, and whose termination it was impossible to foresee.

Carenthéa was unexpectedly abandoned by him, in whom the Baroness had with so much maternal pleasure, contemplated for her a future protector; precisely formed by the united dignity, correctness, and delicacy of his character, to gently curb those high, and too exuberant spirits which threatened to lead her into danger if entrusted to the guidance of a husband, who would either leave them wholly unchecked, or injudiciously seek to controul them—so situated, Madame Isenberg trembled for the fate of Carenthéa.

Those early blossoms of felicity which had given such fair promise to her darling Viola, were in an instant and for ever blasted, as by a stroke of lightning! how would she receive—how support

the misery of that destiny with which she must soon be made acquainted? Madame Isenberg shuddered, as she anticipated the answers to these questions.

There was yet another source of deep and poignant sorrow, in the untimely fate of the beloved—the amiable, the ill-starred Villerose! by what inexplicable means had he become acquainted with the duplicity of De Crevecoeur, or his pretensions to her, in whom he had "garnered up his soul?" Could the Count have been so far thrown off his guard by passion, during their conversation, as to have betrayed his nephew's secret.

Sometimes the Baroness imagined it must have been so—at others, that a more recent discovery had hurried him into seeking that secret meeting with De Crevecoeur, which had ended in so bloody a catastrophe.

The sad thoughts of Madame Isen-

berg were one morning deeply engrossed in pondering on the similarity of the fates of these unfortunate men, with those of the husbands of Eleonora, when the Baron, who had not long before left her for the purpose of obeying the wishes of the Count, unexpectedly returned to shew her a packet directed by the hand of Villerose, to the Chevalier De Crevecoeur.

The momentary flush of hope, however, with which this sight inspired her, quickly faded before the information which the next moment conveyed to her. It was, that it had been left at the hotel, the very evening on which the wounded Chevalier had been brought to it; and in the confusion occasioned by that dreadful circumstance, had been mislaid till that day. The Baron was now come to desire that Madame Isenberg would acquaint her father with the circumstance, and signify his earnest

wish that he would allow it to be opened in his presence.

Under the idea that it might throw some light on an affair, at present involved in so much mystery, the Count consented, and the contents were examined in his chamber.

The first paper was found to be a touching and energetic address from Villerose to De Crevecoeur; in which that unfortunate young man solemnly declared, that, at the time of his quitting the Count D'Aubry, he was wholly ignorant of that family history, whose subsequent discovery had determined him on the steps he was about to take.

He informed De Crevecoeur, that from the moment this information reached him, he might consider himself as the sole heir to the title and estates of D'Aubigné; since the unhappy barrier which had so unconsciously stood between him and what his family con-

sidered as his alienated rights would be no more. The annexed letter—as the last favor he should ever claim from one of that family, he requested the Chevalier to deliver to the Baron Isenberg. The paper was dated some days prior to the fatal encounter—as was the letter, which ran thus.

LETTER.

The misfortunes, my lord, which have darkened the destiny of Villerose, might well be supposed to have rendered his bosom the grave of hope—yet one spark still exists to keep alive that internal dignity, which dares to challenge *esteem* for his untarnished *mind*—and for the blasts which have swept him from happiness, pity, and regret.

In awakening such sentiments in the hearts of those once partial friends, who have barbed the arrows of his affliction,

he proudly feels that he is teaching them to appreciate that keen sense of honor, which impels him to yield himself a *voluntary* victim to the happiness of one treasure of the house of Isenberg, while, in for ever relinquishing another, he sacrifices the soul of his existence.

While the Baron was anxiously reperusing this letter in the hope of comprehending the affecting allusions it contained; the Count was employed in examining a paper which had formed a part of the packet.

It was the copy of an instrument which had been legally executed and deposited in the proper office—by which, Villerose utterly and for ever relinquished the rights conferred on him by the memorable *arret*, and resigned to De Crevecoeur the possessions which would in course have descended to him had Eleonora never had a child.

The attention of Madame Isenberg and the Baron was suddenly drawn from the subject which engaged them to the Count D'Aubry, who was at that moment labouring under emotions too complicated and violent for his weak frame. Admiration of the nobility of soul which had dictated such a sacrifice—grand as it was unexpected—consciousness of the inferiority of that nephew's character, his over partiality for whom had urged him to the unfeeling language he had addressed to the unhappy Marquis—sorrow at the fatal catastrophe in which the pretensions of both were for ever buried—and to which he feared his own intemperate conduct had paved the way—these complicated feelings at once assailed the father of Gertrude, and in a short time reduced him to that extremity, from which she had found him, on her first arrival, but slowly recovering.

The Count never again quitted his

bed, to which he was speedily conveyed; he died at last a victim to the effects of that unbending temper, which refused to submit even to irremediable disappointment. He confessed to the Baroness, before he expired, that Villerose had compelled him to acknowledge he was not unworthy of their child; and as he recalled the candour of his countenance, and his noble yet respectful manners towards himself, he lamented his untimely fate with a regret scarcely inferior to that with which, to the last, he mourned his nephew's death.

CHAPTER II.

One day, many weeks after the interment of the Count, the melancholy family of Isenberg, who were with the widowed Countess, all assembled at the chateau D'Aubry, observed a person riding swiftly towards the great gate, and in a few minutes after a domestic entering the apartment in which they were sitting, presented a note to Pauline, and withdrew.

That once imprudent girl, whom, on their first meeting her after the perusal of her journals, her parents had generously pardoned her former errors, now without breaking the seal, on perceiving by whom it was directed, put it into the

hands of the Baron—he, however, returned it, desiring that she would herself first read the contents.

It was from De Mornie; and informed her he awaited but her permission to throw himself at the feet of her father, and make known to him that long buried affection, whose concealment was no longer necessary.

The desired interview soon after followed; which while it explained to the Baron some passages in the letter of the ill-fated Villerose, which he had before found unintelligible, impressed him with still greater admiration at the exalted magnanimity which had actuated that romantic and high souled young man, and never-ending regret at his loss.

Previous to his setting out in pursuit of De Crevecoeur, whose perfidy could not have been suspected by the Marquis till after his resignation in his favor of those worldly advantages of which the

laws of his country had decreed him the heir; he had by similar formalities put De Mornie in possession of those which had descended to him from the family of Villerose, in consequence of the *arret* which had left the young Adelcour destitute of fortune—for the small patrimony he would otherwise have inherited from his father had been entirely sunk in the expences of the tedious suit which terminated in his ruin.

De Mornie was with his regiment on the borders of Silecia, where great military preparations were making by the Empress Queen, at which the King of Prussia had expressed much jealousy, when the first intelligence of the change in his affairs reached the Count.

He obtained immediate leave of absence, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of what he could scarcely believe to be otherwise than a dream.

The papers he had received from the

Marquis, were dated from Liancour, and to that place he first hastened. De Mornie there learnt from the afflicted Otho, the particulars of the state of mind in which the unhappy Villerose had arrived at that seat—the singular questions he had put to him respecting the history of his mother—questions which proved him to have been, till very lately, ignorant of every circumstance connected with her extraordinary story.

The feeling old man wept abundantly on describing the total change which had taken place in the countenance, the manners, even the voice of his young lord, formerly so sweet, so pleasing to the ear—then broken, interrupted, and hollow. He said he had passed some days and nights (for during his abode there he had taken no repose) in transacting with his lawyers business on which his mind seemed wholly intent. That soon after he had accomplished this

object, and sent off packets to De Crevecoeur and De Mornie, a person had arrived at the chateau, who declared he had information of much importance to communicate to the Marquis, and had in consequence gained immediate admission to him; they had passed more than an hour together; after which the stranger had departed without having held intercourse with any other part of the family.

Soon after his departure, the Marquis had retired to his chamber, as Otho imagined, overcome by fatigue, in the intention of going to bed. The next morning, however, it was evident that he had been mistaken; every thing in his apartment appearing in the same order he had found it.

Seals had been placed on the cabinets where the family papers were deposited; and a letter addressed by Villerose to Otho, was lying on this table, instruct-

ing him on the arrival of De Mornie, to deliver up every thing to *him*, in whom he would find his future lord. The Marquis had secretly quitted Liancour during the night, since which no tidings had transpired respecting him.

It was with deep interest that De Mornie had listened to the narrative of Otho; and on its conclusion he resolved on setting out immediately in pursuit of Villerose, to obtain an interview with whom he now became ardently desirous; but as no one could guess whither he was gone, after a little consideration, he resolved on first seeking him in Paris.

The Count had not proceeded many stages towards that capital, repeating at the auberge where he meant to spend the night, the anxious enquiries he had made at every place he had passed, respecting a solitary traveller, such as he imagined the Marquis to have been, when the answers he received, convin-

ced him that he was following the track of Villerose.

He was informed that a Chevalier of noble mien, but whose appearance bespoke him to be laboring under evident mental agitation, had stopped there on the very day following that night on which the Marquis had quitted Liancour.

La Hotesse, from whom De Mornie gleaned this information added, that the poor Chevalier had silently seated himself on entering her house, and wiped his humid brows with a handkerchief, which he drew from his pocket, and after his departure it was found he had left it behind him.

The Count begged to see it, and was confirmed in his conjectures by perceiving in the corner the initials, L. P. V.—Louis Phillipe Villerose.

From place to place he now traced the Marquis directly to the Chateau de

Belgarde, where he learnt the fatal tragedy, which had alike buried for ever the claims of Eleonora's son, and those of his rival, in the grave—leaving De Mornie the undoubted heir to the possessions descending through the family of Villerose.

This circumstantial account seemed to probe anew those wounds which had been inflicted by the first intelligence of the death of the deeply mourned Villerose, at the same time that it rendered perfectly clear what had before been inexplicable.

De Crevecoeur, but a few days before the stranger had demanded an audience of the Marquis at Liancour, on discovering some glaring dishonesty in his confidential valet, had at a moment's notice discharged him; and the man departed muttering revenge. This then must have been the person who had laid open to Villerose the treachery of his

late master, with every particular of which he was acquainted; and the knowledge of it, had no doubt urged the unhappy lover, to set out the same night in quest of the traitor.

The passage in that unfortunate young man's letter to the Baron, in which he said he *yielded himself a voluntary victim to the happiness of one treasure of the house of Isenberg, while in for ever relinquishing another, he sacrificed the soul of his existence*, became perfectly intelligible.

To the lover of Pauline, he had sacrificed the other half of those possessions which his high sense of honor would not allow him to retain; and withdrawn on his own behalf a claim to the hand of her sister, which had been granted him before her family were aware that under the circumstances of his birth, neither his name nor rank, could add lustre to their own.

Villerose then had certainly abandoned all that was dear to him in life, before he knew of the injury intended him by one of those very beings, who were to benefit from his unprecedented magnanimity—far different was the mind and character of the other.

Strongly as the amiable and interesting tenor of his journal, with the short interview the Baroness had had with him at the little auberge at Mittewalde, had predisposed her in his favor, a nearer intercourse drew closer the ties which their relative situations naturally formed. The Baron, too, shared in the approbation with which his lady viewed him.

Thus encouraged, De Mornie seized the first favorable opportunity to state to the parents of Pauline, the necessity of his returning to his regiment on the expiration of his leave of absence; as he deemed his honor pledged not to retire from a post he had accepted at a mo-

ment when it was more than probable the jealousy manifested on the part of Frederic, towards the Empress Queen, would speedily break out into hostilities, which might call for his active services in favor of the Sovereign under whose banners he had entered the career of glory.

But a few weeks before, the prospect of happiness offered to Carenthéa and Viola, had been not less promising than that which was now opened to Pauline.

The Baron, from the best of motives, had been induced to postpone, for a time, the completion of that happiness. During the interval of this delay, sudden, unforeseen, most deplorable calamities had intervened, and the black curtain of fate was for ever dropped between those dear children and their once gay perspective.

With such instances before him of the instability of earthly hopes, the Ba-

ron resolved on not opposing the immediate union of the lovers; who were soon after privately married at D'Aubry, in the presence only of Pauline's parents, the Countess, Sigismond, and Delmond.

The deep mourning in which the whole family were habited for the lately deceased Count—the sympathy that every heart felt for those amiable and much loved beings, on the wreck of whose felicity that of the bridal pair was built—the consciousness that their union was to form but a short prelude to a separation which would carry De Mornie into dangers, that might for ever bar his rejoining them—these various and united causes, tempered the joy of Adelcour and Pauline, and threw over the solemnity, and the first days which followed it, a pensiveness perfectly in unison with that which had characterized the hours of their growing affection.

While they are passing a short time at D'Aubry, with the family of the young Countess De Mornie, previous to her accompanying her lord to Liancour, let us trace the effect of those sorrows which had overtaken the young, the sensitive, the once happy, the ever interesting Viola!

She had quitted Paris for the chateau of her grandfather with the delightful hope of soon seeing again that lover, who had parted from her with a degree of melancholy foreboding, which her reason told her, their short separation could scarcely justify; yet she had insensibly caught the infection, and felt that the same gloomy presentiments which saddened their last meeting, had taken firm hold on her own mind from the moment she lost sight of Villerose.

His letter, however, which she had received two days before their setting out for D'Aubry, had greatly tended to

dissipate the dejection of mind under which it found her suffering, by holding out the hope of his soon joining them; and she had no doubt but within a few hours after his reaching Paris, he would follow them to D'Aubry.

It was on the second morning after their arrival there, that the Baron left them at an early hour without informing any one whither he was going; yet the curious Isidore had learnt from one of the servants, and told it after breakfast in confidence to his youngest sister, that a domestic of the Marquis (who with Don Alphonso came to Paris the afternoon before) had brought his papa a letter from De Lerma, the contents of which had occasioned his so suddenly having quitted them.

This was, indeed, interesting intelligence to the fluttering heart of Viola. Villerose was actually within a few leagues of her—he would certainly be

there before dinner—nothing but his having met the Baron could so long have detained him from D'Aubry.

Yet hour after hour rolled away, and brought in its course no letter, no message, no intelligence of the Marquis.

Viola became extremely uneasy—all the vague fears which had agitated her from the moment of her quitting her lover, to the receipt of that letter which soothed her into the hope of soon seeing him again, rushed back to her heart.

Yet, the state of mind in which she saw Pauline, induced her to lock up in her own bosom her cause of anxiety, and endeavour to rally her sinking spirits, in the desire of reviving those of her drooping sister.

This unhappy girl had communicated to her, during the preceding night, the story of her long clandestine attachment, and since the departure of her father, her terror at the effect its know-

ledge might produce on him, had arisen to such a height, that Viola trembled for the consequences.

The following morning, however, brought comfort to the distressed Pauline—a letter from her mother breathing nothing but forgiveness on the part of the Baron, as well as her own, restored her dejected daughter to a tranquillity of mind to which she had long been a a stranger. The Baroness slightly mentioned that she had seen the Marquis the evening of his arrival at Paris, but that he had on the following day left it again, and was, she believed, at present, with De Lerma at Dauphiny.

The first learning this intelligence, was like a thunderstroke to Viola. Villerose, then, had actually been within a few leagues of her, and had set off for Dauphiny without seeing, without writing her a line. He had been with the Baroness, consequently must have known

where to find her—yet he had again departed, without bestowing on her the slightest notice.

For the first time in her life, a pang of jealousy assailed her ingenuous heart, but it soon gave way to the apprehension that some misfortune had happened, which could alone have occasioned conduct so unaccountable, so inconsistent with all she had seen and known of him.

This idea gained strength as day after day passed by, leaving her still in the same dreadful uncertainty.

Accounts had been sent to D'Aubry of the wound of De Crevecoeur, the progress of his sufferings, and finally of his death; but no hint was given of the hand by which it had been inflicted. The whole family, were soon after summoned to Paris on the relapse of the Count, and amidst the general distress which followed, the secret sorrows of

Viola appeared to pass unnoticed, yet it was far otherwise.

Madame Isenberg, in private, wept tears of agony, as she recalled the wan countenance—the heavy eye—the agitated frame of that innocent girl, whose pure bosom had been hitherto the seat of tranquillity, of joy, of hope—now too evidently beginning to feel the approach of those trials which were to overwhelm her by complicated and irremediable woe.

It was the morning following the night on which the Count D'Aubry expired, that Sigismond, who had returned from his excursion but the day before, entered the dressing room of his grandmother, and perceived Viola alone there. Her eyes were intently fixed on the entrance as she heard a footstep approach it, and she had started eagerly from her seat on the opening of the door, but on perceiving that he who appeared at it,

was not the being whom she had so long vainly hoped to see, she stood motionless and regarding him with such affecting earnestness, that Sigismond, who in learning the fatal story of her lover, had learnt also that she was unacquainted with it, unable to bear her enquiring look, turned hastily from her, and walked to a window in the hope of concealing the emotion which overcame him.

His sister followed him, and laying her hand upon his arm, while her sweet, though mournful eyes were raised to his, she said in a voice which pierced his soul; "Sigismond—my brother—why comes he not?"

The image which this question conjured up in the mind of the amiable youth, of that lover whom yet she hoped again to see—now mouldering in his early grave, completely threw him off his guard. Forgetting in his own personal regret, the effect his abrupt dis-

closure might produce on his sister, he exclaimed with passionate sorrow. "Oh, Viola! we will together weep the untimely death of that most valued of friends."

"The death!" faintly articulated his sister, while the convulsive shiverings which ran through her frame, roused him to a sense of the shock his unadvisedly sudden disclosure had given her.

The terrified Sigismond long vainly tried to "sooth the grief, that knew not consolation's name," at length he sent to entreat his mother's assistance. She came—but the unhappy object of their cares continued silent and apparently insensible to their tender caresses—the endearing epithets by which they sought to rouse her. She gave no symptom of consciousness, except that from time to time she fixed her eyes on the Baroness with such an expression of hopeless grief, as went to the heart of her afflicted parent.

Many days did her parents watch over her with agonizing fears, ere the stunning effect of the blow she had received, began to subside, and her suspended faculties to resume their functions. They were at length awakened by a measure, which was in despair resorted to by the Baron—it was the giving her a letter which had been enclosed in that addressed to himself, by her ill-fated lover, accompanied by an energetic entreaty that it might one day be allowed to meet her eye, yet leaving to the discretion of her parents the proper time.

As it had not reached the Baron till after the bloody catastrophe which Villerose was evidently far from anticipating at the moment it was written, that nobleman had put it by with the resolution of suppressing it altogether, or making use of it as occasion should dictate.

That occasion he thought now pre-

sented itself, since every other effort which affection could devise had been unsuccessfully attempted to rouse her benumbed senses. It was with intense anxiety that the afflicted family marked the progress of those consequences which resulted from an experiment, at the first proposal of which he trembled.

Viola took the letter with apparent indifference, and mechanically broke the seal, but by degrees the recollection of its characters seemed to burst through, and dissipate the clouds which had obscured her mind, the sympathetic feelings of incurable sorrow they expressed, touched her heart, and that chord whose too great tension had equally threatened the loss of reason and of life became relaxed—she wept—and her tears were hailed by those, by whom she was surrounded, as the harbingers of restoration.

LETTER.

Oh thou! in whom the lost Villerose had treasured up his hopes—receive his last, his eternal adieu! In tracing those words he becomes first sensible of *all* the bitterness of his destiny.

Fond visions—romantic dreams of youthful joys! he takes leave of you for ever! Yet in doing so, he dares to claim *her* pity, in whom his soul had found a kindred soul!

Yes, gentle spirit! she will weep the fate to which he abandons himself—for it is not in an unworthy cause he suffers. She will remember how devotedly he loved her—how perfect was the sympathy which united them. His image will associate itself with her thoughts; it will pursue her through those haunts they have together trod! It will cling tenaciously to her memory—it will bury

itself in the most secret recesses of her bosom!

Let this conviction strengthen his resolution to quit her, for if he dare believe he shall continue to be beloved—it is because he will have disappeared for ever. Were he to remain, he would merit from her, to whom he would have dedicated his life, still deeper wounds than those with which the barbed arrows of contumely have already pierced him.

Adieu then, thou soul of his existence! he flees thee, that he may retain his claim to thy affection.

Such was the letter which the slowly reviving, but hopeless Viola for hours—for days—for weeks made the theme of almost incessant study—from time to time putting such questions to her mother and sisters, as drew from them all that had yet transpired of the ill-starred unfortunate Villerose—the pretensions

of De Crevecoeur, and the consequent conduct of the Count D'Aubry.

Incurably lascerated as was the heart of Viola, on recovering from the first effects of her benumbing shock, she was found to have lost nothing of that endearing consideration for others, that affectionate solicitude for the happiness of all within her sphere of action, which had in her cloudless dawn of life formed so lovely a feature in her beautiful character.

Perhaps it was this rare trait which her ill-fated lover had early developed in her, and fully appreciated—that raised to so high an enthusiasm, the affection with which she had inspired him.

Never was this fascinating disposition so affectingly conspicuous, as in the touching efforts she now made to resume that self-possession and tranquillity of *manner*, which could alone relieve her family from the distress she saw them suffer on her account.

The mind of Viola was deeply impressed with religious faith—she had early learnt to look to a future world for that state of perfect felicity which can never be the permanent lot of humanity—and its consoling powers wonderfully aided her in the difficult task of resignation. Yet so young! so firmly attached to one who had been fully worthy of her love—having looked with certain hopes for years to come, of finding *her* happiness in forming *his*, who had awakened in her innocent bosom a new-born and exquisitely-felt species of tenderness, Viola must have been more or less than woman, had she not mourned, as she did mourn, with deeply sympathetic sorrow, those misfortunes which had clouded his last days; and wept her own loss, which she felt to be on earth irreparable!

Such was the state of mind in which De Mornie had found this interesting

and beloved young creature—struggling to second the kind efforts, which every being by whom she was surrounded, made to console and draw her mind from that subject which almost exclusively possessed it.—Yet evidently sinking beneath the heavy burthen of irremediable woe which oppressed her.

Under these circumstances, it was with much emotion that her parents, soon after the marriage of Pauline, listened to Viola's request that they would permit her accompanying her sister to Liancour, and continuing with her during the absence of her husband.

Though startled by the first proposal, a short consideration determined them on not opposing her wishes. Equally confident of the excellence of her principles, the soundness of her understanding, and the correctness of her mind—they felt convinced that one of her character, if left to herself, might find ob-

jects of consolation, which no other could suggest.

On the day fixed for the departure of the young couple, therefore, they carried with them her,—her who, on quitting the seat to which they were now hastening, had believed she should return to it, only as its mistress.

The mind when suffering under an insupportable sense of pain, naturally seeks some change, though that change bring with it an accumulation of torture —any thing seems preferable to the monotonous pangs which grief has already inflicted.

Such was the restless agony which impelled Viola to seek again scenes, that could not fail to recal with added poignancy images, already but too indelibly imprinted on her soul.

Yet she again, and again, contemplated the spot on which she last beheld her lover! pronounced the same vow of

constancy to his memory, she had breathed to himself in the presence of that heavenly planet which had gilded their last interview—and these occupations by degrees calmed her harassed, and sorely afflicted mind.

Time rolled on, but Villerose never ceased to live in her heart—he filled her fancy—the memory of his look so full of tenderness—his voice so expressive of the emotion with which she had inspired him, never faded from her memory!

CHAPTER III.

In discovering too late the nobility of soul which had dignified the unhappy Marquis, the Count D'Aubry, sensibly felt the injury he had done his grandchild in rending asunder those ties which had united them; and he caused it to be specified in his will, that it was as a mark of his regret and repentance, he bequeathed to the immediate and sole disposal of Viola his estate of Rosemont (situated a few leagues from Liancour) which he had always destined to her, supposing she had consented to become the wife of De Crevecoeur.

Her parents rejoiced at an event which they foresaw was likely to rouse into active exertion one of her benevolent

character, when she should become sensible of all the duties which devolved to her with such a possession.

To fulfil those duties, at length, became one of her first objects—though she continued to reside principally with Pauline during the absence of the Count, who was compelled soon after their arrival at Liancour to quit his bride, and resume his military duties.

He had scarcely reached his station when the King of Prussia, by taking possession of the Electorate of Saxony, began those hostilities against the Empress Queen, which were followed by the seven years war.

De Mornie from that period became involved, during the several campaigns, in scenes of the most active dangers.

He began his first under Mareschal Daun in Moravia; and received in an early engagement a dangerous wound in the defence of his colours which were

near falling into the hands of the enemy, from the wing of the army in which he fought suddenly giving way—to preserve them he had exposed himself to a very unequal contest, which had nearly cost him his life. He was struck to the earth, and a Prussian hussar was on the point of terminating his career by a stroke his uplifted sabre was prepared to inflict, when a young Austrian soldier of his company, with the swiftness of an arrow, threw himself between the assailer and the fainting Adelcour, receiving just below his own temple the checked blow aimed at his officer.

Nor did the heroism of the noble Louisberg stop here; with an enthusiastic bravery, which seemed to court danger and death, shaking off the momentarily stunning effect of the gash he had received, on observing that the ensign of the Empress Queen had been wrenched from the now powerless De

Mornie, and was bearing off by the enemy, like a lion roused from his repose, he instantly rushed amidst the foe, seized the colours, and fought his way back with them to his late station, where he obstinately maintained them, till a party of retreating Austrians, animated by his daring example, surrounded him, shouting—death or victory.

This action, trifling as it might singly appear in a contest of such magnitude, was productive of great effects.

The fire of Louisberg's enthusiasm, spread itself through the ranks of the before retreating wing. They rallied—formed—advanced with newly awakened valour—and echoing the cry of death or victory, by their example essentially contributed to the ultimate success of the Austrians over the Prussians in that day's engagement.

Mareschal Daun had witnessed, from a neighbouring height, this act of daring

intrepidity in the young soldier, and knew how to appreciate its merit, and its consequences.

De Mornie had been by the care of Louisberg conveyed, still senseless, from the field of battle; yet it was not till victory had declared in their favor, that that heroic youth quitted his post of danger to visit this officer, to whom he had sincerely attached himself.

It was with sentiments which were never effaced from the Count's heart, that on first recovering his recollection he perceived near him (forgetful of the dreadful wound he had received in the defence of him over whom he was so anxiously watching) covered with blood, his countenance late blazing with the ardour of unparalleled bravery—now softened into anxious pity—the faithful Louisberg! firmly grasping the banner, which, after having fallen for a few moments into the enemies' power,

had been recovered by his invincible courage.

With an emotion which seemed to partake of many causes, he restored it to the officer who had so well defended it, and retired.

On the following morning the Austrian troops were drawn out for the review of Mareschal Daun, who after having commanded attention, in the face of the whole army summoned from the ranks the private—Louisberg.

The young man approached his distinguished General with that manly yet modest dignity, which ever characterises the consciousness of innate worth—yet his firmness was shaken by the marked approbation with which that renowned warrior greeted him.

After honoring the youth with the commendations which he justly thought his due, that great general with affecting solemnity presented him with those co-

lours, which he had proved himself so worthy to bear; an honor of which Louisberg had the happiness of evincing himself amply deserving.

The Count de Mornie was at the same time nominated captain of the same company.

From this period, a friendship, whose foundation had been laid under such promising auspices, and which was nurtured by the innumerable acts of kindness which Louisberg was enabled to testify towards the Count, during the progress of his slow recovery, was formed between these young men, which terminated only with their lives.

An occasion, not long after the promotion of Louisberg, presented itself, in which he signalized his united policy and valour not less entirely to the satisfaction of Mareschal Daun. He was entrusted by that judicious general with the important charge of intercepting a

convoy of four hundred waggons, which he was apprised were carrying stores of provisions to the Prussians, of which they stood greatly in need.

Louisberg succeeded almost beyond the hopes of his general, and from that moment secured through life his partial favor—a favor, of which every new instance proved him but the more intrinsically worthy.

So fortunately appreciated—with such opportunities to call forth his brilliant energies, as were offered in a seven years contest with a foe precisely calculated to elicit genius and rouse enthusiastic heroism—it is not surprising that, patronized as was Louisberg by a commander who loved to cherish worth, the rapidity of his rise was apportioned to his merits.

De Mornie witnessed with delight the swift progress of his friend through honor's dangerous path, nor did that friend

take a less lively interest in the details of domestic happiness, to which, when fit occasions offered, he listened with never satiated interest from the Count; which happiness, that nobleman enjoyed during those cessations of hostilities which the winter months compelled. These recesses Adelcour passed principally at Liancour, with his Countess and the ever endearing Viola.

Often did he try to lure thither with him the intrepid Louisberg, whom he was fully aware would be a welcome guest to those, whose hearts were filled with gratitude towards him for a life he owed to his valour; but the young hero constantly replied, he was not yet worthy to be introduced to beings such as he described those who inhabited Liancour.

These repeated evasions convinced De Mornie that, however his friendship towards himself might make him take

an interest in every thing which concerned those so dear to him, the heroic soul of Louisberg scorned all thoughts of relaxation from his duty. In this belief he was confirmed, by the way in which he learnt the young hero invariably passed that time, much of which he might have devoted to his pleasures. His ardour for the glory of the sovereign under whose banners he fought impelled him to imitate the indefatigable zeal of the great Frederic, her enemy. Like him, he passed the intervals between the campaigns in recruiting his troops—in training them to expertness in arms—and cultivating the warlike virtues of his soldiers, voluntarily exposing himself to every hardship to which they were liable. It was by this happy union of ardour, of industry, and valour, that he secured the entire confidence and regard of Mareschal Daun.

Louisberg had risen to a high rank in

the Austrian army, before the peace of Hubertburg, whose ratification restored De Mornie to all the happiness of domestic life, with a wife to whom he was still romantically attached, and the long harassed bosom of Pauline, now the mother of two lovely boys, for the first time, tasted of unalloyed felicity from the period of her clandestine engagement with the Count.

Since her marriage, several events had taken place in her family, in which Viola and herself took a very lively interest. Sigismond, on the breaking out of the war, had entered the Austrian service, and under the Duke D'Aremberg, who commanded in Bohemia, had performed an active part in the contest. Yet he had several times, during the intervals between the campaigns, stolen a few weeks to pass with his relatives, either at Isenberg, D'Aubry, or Lian-

cour—for at each place, in turn, they had all met.

It was when his grief had been at its height, for the untimely fate of the regretted Villerose, that he had written every particular which had transpired relative to him, to their mutual friend De Lerma. His letter found that grandee, overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment, at his Catalonian palace, vainly seeking to divine the cause of the Marquis's silence, and as vainly endeavouring to banish from his remembrance the Syren, who had been known only for his unhappiness.

The post mark of France roused him to an interest it was now long since he had felt—for he panted to know, in what way Carenthéa had acted after his desertion of her. He was certainly to see her no more—she was, beyond all doubt, undeserving his tenderness—yet he thought he should derive some conso-

lation in knowing that she had *wept* his departure—that she had *repented* the duplicity she had practised towards him.

Such were the sensations with which Don Alphonso broke the seal of a letter, calculated to double the weight of anguish which had before oppressed him.

With the deep sorrow which filled his heart for the loss of his friend, a most painful sense of self-reproach was associated—for his mind suggested that, had he not so precipitately left the ill-fated Marquis, at the very moment he learnt a family history which pierced his soul, *his* prudence, and the exertion of that influence his affection gave him over Villerose, might have restrained him from being hurried into those romantic and passionate extremes, which had proved alike destructive of his happiness and life.

Sigismond had not mentioned one of his own family in this letter; an omis-

sion, which was noticed with much emotion by the unhappy lover. He knew not precisely what he wished him to have said. Yet not one word of remembrance from a family to which he still felt so greatly attached! The bosom of De Lerma was surcharged with an intolerable weight of grief, of remorse, and disappointment. On quitting Carenthéa, he had first become sensible of all the power her witcheries had possessed over him. Since that period, time had seemed to move with leaden wings, and he became convinced that even the little vexations she had given him, chequered as they were with occasionally endearing marks of preference, had given a variety, a zest, to his life, the deprivation of which now rendered it vapid and joyless.

After long and repeated trials, Don Alphonso found that neither the occupations, the duties, nor the dissipation in which he forced himself to engage, suc-

ceeded in diverting his mind from subjects which preyed on his health, and destroyed his spirits. He at length resolved on trying the effect of constant change of scene, and left Spain with the determination of retracing those travels, in which he had experienced so much pleasure with the then animated and admired Villerose.

He entered Poland during the period that Augustus the Third, who had been driven from his Electorate of Saxony by Frederic, had taken refuge in his capital of Warsaw.

Under this Prince's misfortunes, De Lerma felt it peculiarly incumbent on him to pay his duty to one, who, on a former occasion, had shewn him very flattering marks of distinction.

He was received with much graciousness by the King; and invited to accompany him on the following evening to a party given by the Countess Orselska,

the acknowledged and favorite natural daughter of his Majesty.

Don Alphonso, who had heard much of that lady's remarkable beauty, (but had never yet seen her,) accepted the honor offered him with many acknowledgements, and at the appointed time repaired to the Countess's.

The King had been already sometime there; and on his entering the apartment, it was so greatly crouded that De Lerma long found it impossible to approach sufficiently near the royal party to catch the attention of his Majesty, or to see a lady respecting whom his curiosity was considerably excited.

While he stood waiting for a favorable opportunity to advance, the buz of many voices, which had before been heard, suddenly sank into a profound silence, which was almost immediately after interrupted by the tones of a harp, struck with an execution so masterly

and brilliant, as instantly to attract his sole attention.

There was in the fire and genius which characterized the wild yet scientific flights of the performer, *that*, with which the memory of Don Alphonso immediately claimed acquaintance—though he did not at once recall where he had before heard them. In the voice, however, to which the harp soon after formed only an accompaniment, he with extreme agitation recognized that of the Chevalier Florio!

De Lerma could not, without much difficulty, controul the accumulated indignation with which the image, that had ever since haunted him, of the improper familiarity which Carenthéa had permitted from this detested being, now filled him, and he found it impossible longer to curb his jealous rage, when, in the next air of the musician, he recognized the memorable *mysterious can-*

tata, and heard that presumptuous personage, with his accustomed happy ease, pronounce,

> "Cupid with Carenthéa
> "Once played at cards for kisses."

Roused almost to madness, by the recollections suddenly awakened in his tortured mind, Don Alphonso now felt irresistibly impelled instantly to punish the audacity of one, in whom alone he at the present moment remembered a rival: regardless of appearances, he pressed eagerly through the crowd, and in the next minute found himself opposite the singer, who had by this time fallen, with equal taste and feeling, into the charming arietta which expressed,

> "He staked his quiver," &c.

What could occasion the late half-frantic lover, on finding the object of his vengeance within his grasp, to stand

speechless—motionless—before the offender?

Perhaps it was his vicinity to the King which checked his ill-timed anger.

Ah, no!—near as he was to his Majesty, Don Alphonso saw him not.

His eyes were rivetted on the object, whose uncommon beauty, grace, and talents, were at that moment exciting the universal attention and admiration of every one present!—For in the lady of the fête—the favorite daughter of the Monarch—the celebrated, the lovely, the eccentric Countess Orselska, though habited as she was in the picturesque yet splendid dress of a Polish lady, he had instantly recognized the perfect features and charming physiognomy of the, till now, contemned, yet envied Chevalier Florio!

Yes, it was that very whimsical but captivating lady, who had through the

indulgence of her royal father, obtained permission to gratify the caprice of making a tour through part of Germany, *en cavalier*, with an appointment suitable to the acknowledged daughter of Augustus; her governante attending her as her valet.*

A well known traveller, who became intimately acquainted with this extraordinary lady in her youth, at her father's court, has thus described her:

"On ne sauroit etre mieuse faite et avoir plus grand air. Elle aime la magnificence, la dépense et les plaisirs. Un de ses divertissements est de s'habiller en homme. C'est dans cet adjustement que je la vis pour la premiere fois: elle étoit a cheval, avec un habit pourpre brodé d'argent, et portoit le cordon bleu de Pologne. J'etois seul, je ne peut m'informer qui elle etoit, je la pris veritablement pour un jeune Seigneur étranger. Je n'ai jamois vue personne être mieux a cheval. Le meme soir je la vis au bal; elle étoit encore en homme, mais elle avoit un habit plus riche. L'amour n'etoit pas plus beau lorsqu'il parut dévant Psyché. La bonne mine et la grace avec laquelle

She had been introduced to Lady Aberdale at Dresden the preceding year; and was sufficiently pleased with that lady to visit her in passing near Rhonburg. There she had first seen Pauline, and found considerable amusement in playing with her secret, till in the end she had discovered it.

In De Mornie, the Countess instantly recognized one, from whom, when quite a girl, she had received a service which she ever gratefully remembered.

She had been for a short time entrusted to the care of a lady who resided near Munich, and, in the thoughtless gaiety of her volatile disposition, had one even-

je lui vis donner un menuet me porteroit a demander qui étoit ce beau jeune homme. On ma dit que c'étoit la Comtesse Orselska. Je la vis le lendemain habillée en femme, je la trouvai encore plus aimable, et plus je la vois, plus je trouve un Prince cadet de la Maison de Holsteinbeck a qui on la dit accordée, heureux de deviner son Epoux.

ing ventured alone, and on foot, into a wood, at a considerable distance from the mansion of her hostess.

Her progress was suddenly checked by an incident which had so greatly terrified her, as to prevent a repetition of her imprudence. She suddenly encountered an immense black wolf, which stood growling at her with so terrific an aspect, as led her to expect in the next moment to become its prey.

The piercing shrieks she uttered, however, brought to her speedy relief a young scholar of the Jesuits' college, who proved to be the Count de Mornie.

It was found that this animal, though fierce and often dangerous to strangers, had been tamed to submission by the Elector of Bavaria.

Adelcour had often seen and caressed Melak, who, on perceiving in him a friend, now quickly lost his menacing aspect, but not so suddenly did the young

lady dismiss her fears. She accepted with extreme thankfulness the offer of the youth to see her safely home, the path to which might truly be said for her to be strewed with thorns, for the terrific animal chose to accompany his favorite thither to her no small dismay.*

* At the palace of Ludwisberg the picture is shewn of a large black wolf, which followed the Duke of Wirtemberg every where, slept near his bed, and accompanied him to his army. The campaign not happening to break up before the weather grew cold, Melak withdrew himself from the field, without waiting for permission; and was unexpectedly found at Ludwisberg before the chamber door of the Duke: no one knew how he had crossed the Rhine. He was afterwards taken to Frankfort, to attend the coronation of the Emperor, and was suspected of not being well affected towards his Imperial Majesty; for, displeased at the firing of so many guns, he stole out of that place in the same unceremonious manner. This animal, though faithful to his favorites, was mischievous towards those he did not like.

The service he had done her, rendered the visits of De Mornie, during the few months she had afterwards continued in this neighbourhood, always welcome; but from that period, they had never seen each other, till the giddy Countess burst on the lovers in the Druids Temple.

Frank, enthusiastic, and generous by nature, she had from that moment entered zealously into the cause of the lovers, and resolved to give them every assistance within her power.

She had accompanied Pauline and Lady Aberdale to Isenberg, to which family she had been originally introduced in her real character, though she still whimsically chose to support the part she had set out with the resolution of playing during her tour.

De Mornie's communication to the Countess of his ruined hopes, and her subsequent exertions in his favor (by which

she had procured him a commission in the imperial service), a second time carried her to Isenberg, for the purpose of acquainting Pauline with his present views, and prevail on her to grant him a farewell interview before his joining his regiment.

But the previous information she had gained of the newly arrived guests at the chateau of the Baron, inspired the lively Countess with an animated desire of amusing herself and confidants a little, at the expense of the youths, by deceiving them into the belief that she was the *handsome coxcomb* she appeared.

So well had her secret been kept, and with such admirable dexterity had she sustained her assumed character, that neither Doctor Martimas, Sir Launcelot, Sigismond, nor his friends, had for a moment suspected the truth.

During her abode with this family, the flighty Countess had been for a short

time taken with the wild and amusing agrémens of Sigismond.

To this *penchant passagere* was attributable the displeasure she had manifested at his allowing the follies of Miss Wanmore to occupy so much of his attention; and her declaration to Carenthéa, that if she ever married, it should be one of the house of Isenberg, (whose repetition had so much hurt De Lerma,) was in allusion to her predilection for her brother.

That young lady had been made the confidant of the Countess's short-lived fancy, which was nearly passed when they met at the Duchess de Melcour's. Carenthéa knew this, and by way of reprisals for the merciless raillery with which in the garden of the Marquis de Saintville she was treating her uneasiness, at the offence she had given Don Alphonso, was about to recal some particulars which the Countess was resolved

not to hear, when the action that lady used to prevent it, had formed the climax to those misdemeanors of his mistress, which irritated the jealous De Lerma into quitting her, without seeking any further explanation.

Of most of these particulars, Don Alphonso was in the course of the evening informed by the lovely woman, who, on recollecting him, had greeted him with flattering marks of pleasure. She began by questioning him respecting a family, which she remembered with much affection; and on discovering the mischief of which her frolic had been productive, in separating him from his mistress; in the hope of repairing matters, she scrupled not to acquaint him with all she had drawn from Carenthéa of her regret and sorrow, after De Lerma had indignantly quitted the ball-room; and the state of dejection in which she had left her on the following morning.

In the course of De Lerma's conversation with the Countess, he discovered, that when Pauline had given into her hands the Chaplain's narrative for him to return it to De Mornie, the names of the parties, whose history was so singularly interwoven with that of the Count, had not been mentioned in it—blanks having been left in the places where they should have occurred.

The Countess had, under the assumed character of the Chevalier Florio, by mere chance, heard the singular particulars of Villerose's family story, at the Duchess de Melcour's ball, after Carenthéa left it; and finding on her return home the letter of Pauline, which instructed her to transmit the manuscript to her mother, she previously filled up the blanks with the names of the real parties.

A sudden summons from her father, had that very same day carried her from

Paris, within an hour after she had taken leave of Carenthéa, towards whom, as she knew not how far Pauline's secret had spread in the Isenberg family, she preserved silence.

By these means, an impenetrable mystery had been thrown over some passages in the posthumous letters of the regretted Marquis, which referred to the idea he had conceived, that the Baroness had been so wanting in consideration towards him, as to put into his hands, without precaution, a history so calculated to wound his better feelings.

In how different a temper of mind did Don Alphonso Savaadra de Lerma *quit* the Countess Orselska, from that in which he had first approached her! Of the heavy catalogue of offences with which his mind had been stored against Carenthéa, but two remained unexplained—her neglect of his unanswered letter, and her having engaged her hand

for the evening to Don Emanuel, when she knew he would be there to claim it.

For the first, how many excuses might there have been, which would have exculpated her from any very serious blame; and for the second, the lover thought his mistress could most satisfactorily clear up the only circumstance to which he could now attach blame.

Yet was it for him, who had shewn so little confidence, respect, or delicacy, in his precipitate desertion of her, to be so extreme to mark every error in her conduct?

The innumerable jealousies, petulences, and prejudices, to which he had given way respecting the Chevalier, he now found to have been totally groundless! With how much sweetness had she at those times borne his fits of ill-humour!—how often had she condescened to court him back to good temper by her smiles!—for in his present disposi-

tion, the lover had forgotten that it was for the express purpose of tormenting him, she had studiously affected such manners towards Florio, as were calculated to render him restless and uneasy.

While the thoughts of De Lerma were thus fully employed, he was travelling, with all possible expedition, towards Isenberg. A disappointment, however, awaited him on his arrival there, which he severely felt—his mistress was with her parents at Liancour—and for that place the impatient lover immediately set forwards.

Carenthéa had suffered and reflected much since De Lerma parted from her—and before that period she knew not what suffering or reflection was. His loss had revived all that admiration of him, with which in the early stage of their acquaintance he had inspired her; and at the very time her bosom was glowing with indignation and resent-

ment, at his having dared to assert his freedom in spite of herself; she respected him the more for the dignity of character he had shewn, in resigning his claim to one, who had unfeelingly sacrificed him to the contemptible desire of attracting the admiration of persons to whom she was indifferent.

Carenthéa had, within a short period, learnt a lesson, whose impression had sunk deeply into her mind. After the mortification, the slights, the insignificance, into which she had found herself fallen, on her second public appearance —how worthless, in her estimation, became that fashionable distinction, "given without merit, by caprice withdrawn," of which she had once been so ambitious!

The consequence attached to the attentions of the present leader of the ton, could confer on whom he pleased this envied pre-eminence—but, at his plea-

sure, it could with equal promptitude be withdrawn—Nay, even the very person now by general suffrage rendered the arbitor of taste, must, in his turn, resign his sway into the hands of some newer umpire of fashion—and submit his present absolute dominion over the opinion of the multitude to the next idol of their fancies!

Then returned on the memory of Carenthéa, the heart-felt emotion which agitated her lover as he took of her an eternal adieu.—How very blameable must have been that conduct, in his eyes, which could have stimulated him to act towards her with an inflexibility so unlike his former manners, so irreconcileable with his, till now, proneness to forgiveness. Yet, surely such a reception as she had given him, after his letter—a letter which she now for the first time remembered she had never answer-

ed, was more than sufficient to excuse his consequent severity.

Carenthéa, now diligently sought for this letter, in the hope of finding in it some expressions which might, by justifying her in having conceived some resentment at them, relieve her bosom from the painful sense of having been wholly in the wrong—it was, however, no where to be found; and she grieved at its loss, as an aggravation of her ill-fortune.

From these self-condemnations and grievous retrospections, she was summoned to the house of sickness and death. The awful scenes she there witnessed—the subsequent heart-piercing situation to which she saw the beloved and undeservedly suffering Viola reduced—the deep interest to which she, in common with her whole family, was awakened for that sweet girl—such a series of events had produced, on the

before callous bosom of Carenthéa, the effect of teaching her to feel for others, by which she was rendered a thousand times more deserving than she had ever been before—the undiminished affection of her returning lover.

As if nothing was to be wanting to bring this late thoughtless girl to a thorough sense of the dangers of that path in which she had been till now giddily wandering, she soon after learnt the consequences which followed the Duchess de Melcour's encouragement of the marked attentions of Don Emanuel. The Duke, highly offended at the scandal to which her imprudence had given rise, remonstrated with her on the subject, and peremptorily insisted on her breaking off his acquaintance. This the high spirited lady refused, with so much haughtiness, as to irritate his grace to obtain a *lettre de cachet* to empower him to shut her up in a convent; from which

her family saw no hope of emancipating her during the life of her husband.

So prepared, the repentant and more than ever enamoured Don Alphonso, found it no impossible task to obtain the forgiveness of his mistress; and the ingenuous explanation into which he at once entered with her parents, not only in their opinion entirely exculpated him from serious blame, but raised him in their esteem and regard.

With the restoration of a lover whom Carenthéa had now learnt justly to appreciate, much of her charming gaiety returned; which was *generally* afterwards tempered by consideration for others, which rendered it infinitely more engaging.

Their union was soon after celebrated at Isenberg, where they had passed some months with the Baron, his lady, the Countess D'Aubry, and the lady Marguerite: she then accompanied her lord

to his native country; and was presented by him to their Spanish majesties. From Madrid, they proceeded to Don Alphonso's palace in Catalonia. As they approached which venerable domain of his ancestors, under whose protecting influence many a vassal's head had grown grey in faith and affection, he felt a shade of uneasiness, lest, the reception with which his sportive companion might greet these worthy creatures should mortify and depress them.

But causeless was the apprehension, and proportionably great the delight with which the happy De Lerma saw the being, who had formerly too often made him doubt the prudence of his choice, enter his palace—not with the assured air of one taking possession of a sovereignty, and wholly engrossed by *self*, but with a sensibility which evinced her to be feelingly alive to the affecting appearance of the aged—the youthful—

the infantine vassals and servants who presented themselves on their arrival. As their lovely mistress passed them, she bowed to the old with cheerful but friendly respect—to the young with a kind and smiling air, noticing their children with passing and playful caresses.

The magic of these attentions were instantaneously felt by all, and made the heart of Don Alphonso, as he noted their effect, throb with a new and delightful emotion.

Scarcely could he, from this moment, believe his palace to be the same, in which he had so lately mourned the follies, the caprices, of Carenthéa, and his own constancy. Where was now fled the gloom in which, during that interval, it had been involved ?—that gloom had fled before the sun-shine of her bewitching countenance.

Before it was too late, Carenthéa had fortunately learnt to value the destiny

she had by her errors once so nearly forfeited; and, with a *corrected mind*, carried into the bosom of her husband's family, those magic powers which spread throughout its grand and solemn magnificence, an illuminating light—which was reflected on all around her; but on none more conspicuously than her happy lord.

CHAPTER IV.

It was just after the ratification of the peace of Hubertsberg, that Don Alphonso and his lady, who had become the delighted parents of a lovely girl, as blooming and as dimpled as her mother, were on their first visit at Isenberg since the birth of their daughter; where they were soon after joined by Sigismond, the Count and Countess de Mornie, and Viola.

At this period, *Felicity* might have been said to have made Isenberg her sanctuary, but for the blighted happiness of the youngest daughter of that noble house, and the tender regret the remembrance of her ill-fated lover had left in every bosom.

The iron grasp of misfortune had firmly seized on the once tranquil soul of Viola, and had impressed the traces of grief on that sweet countenance which nature seemed to have formed only for the expression of the softer emotions.

Her life, since the death of him in whom she had centered her first affections, had been one of active benevolence; yet had she tenaciously associated the idea of the lost Villerose with her every action—thereby, romantically cherishing the remembrance of one, whom it was the ardent wish of all who loved her, to see effaced from her heart.

One of the first uses she had made of the independence bequeathed her by the Count D'Aubry, was that of going with Pauline to the little village of Mittewalde, and seeking out the peasants whose cottage had been once saved from fire by the exertions of the Marquis.

The father of the little family had re-

turned to it ill, in consequence of an accident which befel him on his journey; and poor Theresa had been some weeks a widow at the time of their visit there.

The many well remembered objects at that place, which met the eye of the dejected Viola, pierced her bosom with renewed agony, by recalling, in all their originally glowing colours, the scene she there witnessed on first entering the cottage—the beloved, the principal actor in which, then in life and bloom—was now laid low!—a scene that led to the disclosure of that mutual affection which had given so new a charm to her existence; till his death came, like a blast from the desert, "to blight the fair blossoms of her youth!"

It was with an access of agony, she was incapable of controlling, that Viola, leaving the Countess listening to the good woman's history of her misfortunes, stole into the garden, and on that

hallowed spot, where the impassioned Villerose had drawn from her the confession of her love, secretly promised his shade, that a heart once yielded to him, should never be given to another.

Theresa and her little family, she from that period took entirely under her protection; removed them to Rosemont; settled them with every comfort on her estate; and felt a melancholy pleasure in fulfilling the humane promise Villerose had given them of assistance, should they ever stand in need of his good offices.

The watch he had left with Theresa, as a pledge of his future intentions in her favor, became from that moment invaluable in the estimation of her, who treasured, with enthusiastic fondness, every memento of a lover, whose remembrance never ceased to live in her heart.

Profoundly did that gentle heart mourn

his loss—yet it was in *secret* she mourned—real grief shrinks from complaining of its sufferings—and that of Viola was hidden in the deepest recesses of her soul.

Yet, on meeting De Lerma, for the first time, at a place where she had been ever accustomed to see him accompanied by his friend, the still unfaded image of that friend seemed to be retouched in still more lively colours, and she again became disturbed by a recurrence of all that dreadful restlessness in which she had passed the first months after the knowledge of his death.

On seeing Don Alphonso enter the room—or take his place at table—her eyes would, from time to time, involuntarily turn towards the door, as if in constant expectation of some one—a *shuddering* disappointment succeeded to this anxiety—but too convincing to those, by whom she was surrounded, of

the state of her mind, and that her bosom was still oppressed with a heavy burthen of sorrow, from which she was incapable of freeing herself.

One morning before her joining them, the family had been engaged in listening with much interest to a sketch the Count de Mornie was giving of his admired friend Louisberg, to whom Pauline had been informing Don Alphonso she owed the life of her lord. Every one expressed a lively desire to become acquainted with an officer, whose extraordinary merits had raised him from a station so subordinate, as that in which De Mornie first knew him, to the high military rank he at present filled with so much honor.

"I hope soon to have the pleasure of introducing him to you," replied the Count, and will venture to pledge myself for his engaging your esteem. From my first conversing with him, I was prepossessed in his favor; and by a very

trifling act of kindness, on my part, gave birth to the chivalrous attachment on his, which prompted him to save my life at the imminent hazard of his own. The deserved reward Mareschal Daun on that occasion conferred on him, by raising him to a situation which threw us together on a footing of equality, enabled me to discover beneath the modest and sublime simplicity which had before concealed it, a mind calculated to adorn the highest rank. Yet notwithstanding the friendship and affection which has from that period subsisted between us, he has ever with studious care shunned alluding to every circumstance of his life, previous to our acquaintance. This reserve has often led me to suspect that some imprudencies of his youth must have reduced him to a station, to which, whatever might have been his birth, his education proves that he could never

have been destined—and from which he has so gloriously emerged."

"If he be as terrifically *fierce*, and invincibly *obstinate*, as you seem to hint, my dear Count," said Donna Carenthéa' "I shall vastly like to be introduced to this son of Mars."

"Louisberg possesses a grand and decisive character," replied De Mornie; "of which his noble physiognomy is strikingly expressive. The resources of his military genius are as inexhaustible, as are unparalleled his corporeal and mental bravery. To these he owes the almost unexampled success which has crowned him with glory. His noble heart is animated with the most enthusiastic honor—his eye beams with the fire of unconquerable courage—his soul is exalted by the sublime union of valour and sensibility!—such is Louisberg as a soldier and a hero. In his hours of privacy and friendly intercourse, when,

laying aside the warrior, he becomes the amiable companion; every action, every sentiment, which escapes him, proves his heart and mind to be the seat of delicacy; nor is his taste less refined and correct than his imagination is lively, creative, inexhaustible—and his temper mild, amiable, and engaging. Such is my friend!" pursued De Mornie, whose countenance, as he had spoken, was lighted up with an animation which corresponded with his words. "Such is the man, my fair sister, whom I hope soon to present to you."

"I fear," replied Carenthéa, with a slight shade of her former satiric archness—"I rather fear, I shall not think your hero—if he be really such as you have just described him—nearly so amusing as I had before pictured him in my fancy; for I have ever thought personages deemed by the world *impracticable* beings (and such I had persuaded

myself this Louisberg was) the most worthy the attentions of such of my sex, as are resolved on not allowing those weapons to *rust*, with which nature has armed us for the conquest, of all conquering man! I protest I believe the frigidity and gravity of a certain grandee, who shall be nameless, originally put it into my head to—to—teach him to smile—in which you must all agree, I have succeeded to admiration."

The rattle of this lively lady was here interrupted by the entrance of a domestic who announced the arrival of a messenger from Vienna, bearing a letter from the Empress-Queen to the Baron.

The contents of that letter threw the whole family of Isenberg into the utmost consternation! It demanded in marriage, for a Saxon nobleman, then in high favor with their imperial majesties, his youngest daughter—the drooping—the mournful—the joyless Viola, who

had secretly sworn, never to bestow on another that hand, which could not be accompanied by a heart, long since buried in the grave of Villerose.

That daughter listened to the proposal with invincible repugnance, and the most determined resolution to resist a measure at which her soul recoiled—yet, conciliating in disposition, though firm in purpose, she acquiesced in the wish her parents expressed, that she would immediately accompany them to the foot of the throne, and endeavour by softening her refusal, to deprecate the displeasure which there was too much reason to believe, her non-compliance with the royal will would incur.

On their arrival at Vienna, the Baron solicited and obtained an early audience of the Empress-Queen, to whom, he with a noble ingenuousness, related the events which had blighted the early hopes of his youngest daughter—events,

which by giving to her sensitive character, a cast of habitual melancholy, had made her cherish a romantic constancy for the memory of that lover, in whom her soul was wrapt. The Baron added, that she, in common with his whole family, very gratefully felt the high honor conferred on them by her Imperial Majesty, in deigning to select for a nobleman, enjoying her favor, and that of the Emperor, a member of their house. It was with sentiments therefore of deep regret he found himself obliged to decline availing himself of her gracious intentions in behalf of his daughter.

The Empress with mildness replied, that she was far from condemning the paternal tenderness which had dictated what had just fallen from him—yet there were limits to indulgence, which it was not always wise to extend. He had himself confessed, that since the

loss of her lover the young lady had been allowed the liberty of seeking consolation in whatever way her own heart suggested.—What had been the result? That of her endeavouring rather to *nurture*, than *irradicate* an affection, which in wisdom, ought not for ever to survive its object. Such a constancy as she had evinced, her majesty observed, would by most of the other sex be regarded as an obstacle to their trying to obtain a heart which there appeared so little hope of touching. In the present case, however, this peculiarity in her character (of which the party for whom she had demanded her of her father was well advised, as also of the particulars attending the disappointment she had once suffered), had rather acted as a stimulus to him in the wish he had formed of conquering her repugnance to marriage, than as an objection to his making the essay. She, therefore, put it to the Baron

as a question of prudence, whether he would not be acting the part of a wise parent in exerting the influence nature had given him over his child, to induce her allowing the nobleman in question, the *chance* of winning her, rather than encouraging by his sanction, a continuance of that fruitless grief, so ill suiting her time of life, and the many blessings with which nature had gifted her.

Arguments so unanswerable kept the perplexed Baron silent for some time after her Majesty had ceased speaking. His own secret wishes, and those of his lady, led them sincerely to desire that the early afflictions of their Viola could be forgotten in a second and more happy choice.—Yet how attempt to influence her in a case so delicate without risking to give pain to a heart already sinking under an almost insupportable sense of sorrow!

The Baron was however prevailed on

before quitting the Empress, to promise that he would so far second her views as to make it his earnest request that his daughter would consent to see *him* to whom her Imperial Majesty was desirous of uniting her.

Yet it was with a mind much disturbed, that he reflected on his way back to his family on the result of an interview which he had hoped would have put an end to an affair from which he now feared they should derive much uneasiness ; for although he was gratified by the graciousness with which her Majesty had listened to objections which before his interview he had feared would draw on him her serious displeasure, he could not blind himself to the circumstance, that he owed her moderation to her conviction, that his daughter would not long resist the united temptation offered her to obedience, when she

should act also in conformity with the wishes of her parents,

Her Majesty had assured him, that the nobleman to whom she had destined his daughter, was in every respect worthy to win the affections of a sensible and amiable young woman; but till he had disposed the young lady to receive him on the footing of one to whom she would *endeavour* to attach herself, she should not name the party in question—adding in a tone, in which the Baron thought he discerned a strong shade of haughtiness, that she was far from intending to expose to the humiliation of having it *known*, that he had been rejected, a young nobleman who enjoyed the marked approbation and partiality of the Emperor and herself.

Viola learnt with deep regret, the result of an interview which she had hoped would have put an entire end to this, to her distressing affair. She there-

fore listened with heart-felt sorrow to the pleadings of the Baron, and read in the entreating eyes of her silent mother, the prayer that she would for their sakes obey the Empress, by consenting to the introduction of her Majesty's favorite—solemnly pledging themselves, that if on acquaintance she continued to feel the same repugnance to receive him as a lover, she should not experience any further persecution on the subject.

Overcome with agitation and grief, Viola begged to be allowed till the next morning, to reflect on what line of conduct she could pursue; and obtaining it, retired to her room.

From what fell from the Baron after her departure, it became manifest to the rest of the family, that the arguments of the Empress had produced much effect on his mind; and that although he had hitherto allowed the uninterrupted indulgence of his daughter's melancholy,

and probably would ever have continued to have done so, had he not been roused to reflect on its consequences, by the rational suggestions to which he had listened, yet the doubts once raised in his mind of his former prudence in this respect, promised to lead him into a different mode of conduct in future. While the Baroness so far participated in the opinion of her lord, as secretly to wish that her beloved Viola could find, if not in this, in some future lover, a sympathy which might console her for the loss of him, whom she still so deeply deplored, and in this wish she was earnestly joined by every member of her family.

Under these circumstances it was with sanguine hopes of the result, that the next morning, instead of her giving a direct answer to the request her father had on the preceding evening made her, they heard her express an ardent desire

of obtaining the honor of an audience of the Empress.

That honor was accorded by her Imperial Majesty with a smile, which seemed to imply her confidence of finding it no difficult task to bring the young lady to hear reason; of which this voluntary attendance appeared to her an encouraging prognostic.

Nothing, however could have been farther from the heart of the much afflicted Viola, than any such intended concession. A night of reflection, and soul-piercing retrospection had but tended to conjure up a thousand remembrances which made her feel it impossible ever to transfer those sentiments to another, which the ill-fated Villerose had kindled in her bosom.

In examining the nature of those lively feelings which were inseparably connected with his memory, she took a retrospective view of that epoch of her

life, which, though on a comparison with the period that had even since elapsed, appeared but as a day, had yet fixed in her bosom an affection, which death alone could extinguish.

One deep source of sorrow which had never ceased to prey almost on her springs of life, was the remembrance of the state of hopeless wretchedness, in which a being for whom her bosom was filled with a tenderness so exquisite, had passed the last hours of his existence—so far from her too, that, " no breeze could waft the dying tones of one, to vibrate on the others sympathetic chord."

Viola felt, that though his death had been inevitable, could she in that moment having spoken to him words of consolation—could she have impressed him with the conviction that no change in his situation could shake the stability of her attachment—that his misfortunes

but trebly endeared him to her heart, her bosom would have been relieved from the intolerable weight of grief which had since never wholly ceased to oppress it.

This profound sentiment of commisseration for one, long since passed all earthly suffering, she had in some measure alleviated, by encouraging the belief that his shade ever hovered near her, and experienced the soothing pleasure of being conscious of her unshaken fidelity, and a witness of her fulfilling the promise she had given him at their last interview. Had she been suddenly swept from happiness and life, would Villerose have sought in some new object to console himself?

This question revived the memory of an occurrence which had happened, a day or two only, before the party had set out for Augsburg for the benefit, the Baroness's health was expected to de-

rive from their little excursion. Viola alone had been sitting with her mother in her dressing room, when the amiable Villerose with that benevolent attention which formed a prominent feature in his character, stealing away from the company, who were chatting gaily in the saloon, had joined them.

She still remembered, as if it had been but yesterday, the little scene which had followed. The Marquis was not prepared to find her with Madame Isenberg, and surprise and pleasure suffused his cheek with an animated glow as he placed himself between them.

Madame Isenberg and her daughter had been both engaged with their needles, which they renewed on the former giving the Marquis a volume which she had that day received from Vienna (containing some new odes of his greatly admired Klopstock,) and saying she could not permit his remaining idle, deputed him to be their lecturer.

When the Marquis arrived at that addressed to Ebert, his voice was expressive of an emotion which very powerfully communicated itself to his companions, as in the native language of that energetic Bard, he read:

Should one of us then die—and one alone remain,
And should that one be me!
Should she too then have lov'd me, she who *is* to love
Should she first rest in dust,
And I remain the only one—remain alone on earth.

The tears which had dimmed the eyes of Viola—and the sighs which had swelled her bosom, she had then believed were drawn forth solely by the remembrance of the recently apprehended danger of her mother—now as they revived on her memory, with the kindred feeling which had at that moment agitated Villerose, she felt convinced that a dread of surviving her, (whom she had since learnt so wholly filled his bosom,) or some secret forboding that their affection was

nót destined to be happy, had so much moved him—and with this impression came also the conviction that had *she* first died, she should never have ceased to live unrivalled in his heart.

Consoled, yet deeply penetrated by this belief, she repeated with energy in the language of the same great Poet, whose works she had afterwards so often read with her unfortunate lover.

"Run on my life! The hour will surely come,
That calls me to the silent cypres shade.
Ye intervening hours, clouded and dark,
Be dedicate alone to mourning love!"

Such was the disposition in which Viola had solicited leave to throw herself at the Empress's feet; on which dreaded occasion she ardently prayed to be inspired with courage so to plead her own cause, as to induce her Majesty to give over the attempt to persuade her

into a measure utterly repugnant to her nature. At all events she hoped by taking entirely on herself the offence of resisting the royal will, to guard against her family's participating in the displeasure, it was but too probable their Majesties would conceive at seeing their wishes frustrated.

In order to imagine the very painful situation in which Viola felt herself placed in so arduous an undertaking, it should be remarked that she had been educated with the highest sense of admiration and loyalty for the Empress Queen; to dispute whose commands appeared to her but an ungrateful requital for the peculiar graciousness with which her Majesty had on many occasions honored her whole family; and the mark of distinction she had in the present instance shewn them, in not only sanctioning by her approbation the choice which had been made of a member of their

House, for one enjoying her peculiar favor, but herself demanding her for him, of her parents.

Nothing short of the enthusiasm with which Viola still nourished her unhappy love, could have given one by nature so timid and retiring, courage for the appeal she meditated; yet her soul was resolved —and the tear was dried from her soft eyes, when, at the appointed time, replacing in her bosom the ring of Villerose, whose motto she had with fervor pronounced, she joined her expecting family, who were all prepared to accompany her to court. Her Majesty had signified that, after the breaking up of the drawing room, Viola should be honored with a private audience.

It might have been said of her by those, who during her drive thither contemplated with tender interest her touching countenance, that it was

"Once like the fresh blown lily in the vale,
————in radiancy of bloom,
————till consuming love
Faded her graces; then her hue changed,
To lilies pining in decay, but kept
The smile of kindness on her wasted cheek."

When they however entered the drawing room of the Empress, the agitation which naturally attended her appearance on an occasion so little congenial with her inclinations, the universal attention of the numerous company, which was instantly fixed on her, by the smile of welcome with which her Majesty greeted her approach, joined to the anticipation of the scene which was to follow their dispersion—altogether flushed her pale cheek with a hectic bloom, and lighted up in her late languid eye, the temporary fire of animation.

Near the Empress stood a venerable nobleman, who exhibited much emotion

as her Majesty said to him in a low voice, yet sufficiently audible to reach the ear of Viola. "Yes Count, this is that very little model of fidelity, with whom I am resolved to try the powers of my rhetoric, to bend her to our wishes."

Viola mechanically turned her regards on the person to whom the Empress addressed herself, and whose entire attention was for a few minutes given to the royal speaker. The remarkable richness of his attire, and the several orders of honor, with which he was decorated, convinced her he was of high distinction; but this idea quickly gave way to the sympathetic interest his physiognomy excited. Sorrow, more than years, seemed to have bent his form, and touched his features with an expression which harmonized with her feelings.

She was yet earnestly regarding him, when his eyes and those of the Empress

were significantly directed to her—and her's instantly sunk beneath their observation—while the consciousness that she still formed the subject of their conversation, rendered her uneasy, and flushed her cheek with a still brighter glow.

Viola had been for some time suffering this painful embarrassment, when the name of Count Altenberg, audibly pronounced, made her start, and look fearfully around her, in the expectation of discovering, in some fierce and impenetrable countenance present, that nearest relative of her ill-fated lover; the remembrance of whose contumacious refusal to acknowledge him as his nephew, had so powerfully operated in fixing the feeling of self-degradation with which the insult he had received from the Count D'Aubry, and the discovery of his mother's history, had impressed

him—a feeling which had hurried him to despair and death!

So prepared, so prejudiced, she recognised with infinite surprise, and no less emotion, this cruel uncle in the very personage, whose noble mien and mournful physiognomy had before so singularly affected her.

Trembling and agitated, the tottering limbs of Viola, from that moment, could not without much difficulty sustain her till the company retired; and she found herself called on to follow her Imperial Majesty to her closet.

Secretly invoking the shade of Villerose to support her, she obeyed; and in the next minute, found herself alone with the Empress.

And now her first movement was to throw herself at the feet of her Majesty, who with condescending kindness raised and placed her beside her.

She then recapitulated much of what

she had before urged to the Baron, in behalf of those plans she had proposed for her; concluding with the assurance, that the party to whom she wished to see her united, was precisely calculated to console her for her early disappointment.

It was some time ere Viola could command voice to reply—during which struggle of conflicting feelings, the Empress regarded her with so much gentleness, as, at length, gave her courage to address her royal auditor.

It was with an artless pathos, which fixed on her the mute attention of her Majesty, that Viola described the first imperceptible degrees by which her unhappy lover had irrecoverably possessed himself of her early affections. Inspired by the delicacy of her mind and her tender partiality, she drew a picture so exquisite of the amiable but ill-starred Villerose—herself unconsciously appearing in

a light so engaging, that any third person who had witnessed the scene, would have pronounced it impossible, but she must have gained the cause for which she had so sweetly pleaded, and have been relieved from all further persecutions to transfer to another a heart, whose first affections had been so enthusiastically devoted to the lost Villerose as to be buried in his grave.

It appeared, however, from the Empress's reply, that *she* had not been so subdued; for she said with much gravity, "I see you can be *firm*—believe me, I am no less so. Though far from intending to *compel* you to espouse this nobleman, (in a union with whom, I would fain have you forget the trials to which your early youth has been exposed) I expect that you will consent to see one, whose attachment to you is not less romantic, than that you have nourished for your lover, to whom he is in

no instance inferior. Indeed, I have given my word to his highly respected relative, from whom I have so recently parted, that before you quit this closet, you shall be introduced to each other as a preliminary to your more intimate acquaintance with the young Count Altenberg."

"Altenberg!" repeated Viola, faintly, while the paleness of death overspread her countenance, as she remembered the wound his unkindness to Villerose, on the only occasion they had ever met, had inflicted on him.

"I am aware," replied her Majesty, not appearing to notice the sudden effect the name she had just pronounced, had produced on her distressed auditor, "I am well aware of the near affinity which existed between that nobleman, and your regretted lover; and will anticipate what I perceive you are about to say on that subject, by assuring you,

that if his former harshness towards his nephew has left any unfavorable impression on you of one who merits your esteem, it ought to be effaced by the certainty that the subsequent conduct of that unhappy youth, has since taught the Count deeply to regret the unjust prejudice which then dictated his conduct. Suffer me then to promise him a favorable reception for the young Count, to whom we have destined you, provided you can be brought to act reasonably."

"Ah, Madam!" cried Viola, throwing herself at the feet of the Empress, and addressing her with affecting earnestness—" condescend to withdraw the wish by which you have honored me, and permit me in solitude to pass that life, whose hopes once blasted can never bloom again! Allow me to remind you of the accumulated horrors which owed their origin to the inconstancy of the fickle Eleonora. My vow

of fidelity was not less fervent, and heaven knows how sincere. With such an example, indelibly engraven on my memory, of the terrible effects of *her* breach of faith—with a frame enfeebled by long suffering—and a mind broken down by sorrow—in pity, pardon my temerity, in solemnly protesting in the face of heaven, and of your majesty, that, that hand once promised to Villerose shall never be given to another!"

It was with extreme emotion that Viola pronounced these words, and without daring to raise her eyes to the countenance of the Empress. Her majesty preserved silence for some minutes after she had ceased to speak.

This, to her, aweful pause, was first interrupted by a quick footstep, which followed the opening of the closet door.

"Count Altenberg," exclaimed the Empress impatiently, "why awaited you not my summons?"

The repetition of that dreaded name caused Viola to start on her feet, and turn hastily towards the advancing intruder—Heavens and Earth!—What strange delusion mocks her wandering senses!—It presents to her bewildered fancy, instead of the stranger she expected to behold, the form, the features, the never-to-be forgotten expression of that lover whom she had so long mourned as dead!—She believes that he eagerly approaches her—that he clasps her to his bosom!—Nature sinks beneath the mighty shoc k!

* * * * * * * * * *

To what felicity are the suspended faculties of this long suffering daughter of the house of Isenberg awakened! The well-known voice of her lover actually recalls her to life—it vibrates on her ear—it penetrates her heart—it repeats, "My Viola, *while life is lent me I am only yours!*

CHAPTER V.

It had been far from the intention of the Empress to expose to a shock almost too potent for her delicate frame, a young creature, for whom she had conceived a very lively interest.

The thoughts of her majesty had been engaged during the pause which succeeded the solemn declaration of Viola (never to give *that* hand to another which she had promised to Villerose,) in considering how she could best prepare her for the intelligence, that the person for whom she had destined her, was in reality that very lover—when his impatience to express his gratitude to a mistress, for whom the affection he had treasured was not less enthusiastic than

her own, had thrown him so entirely off his guard, that, incapable of calculating the possible consequences of his sudden appearance, he had rushed into her presence.

Villerose, in abandoning those gifts of fortune which had hitherto thrown an adventitious lustre around him, was so far from having felt himself degraded, when thus divested of every thing but *honor*, that the proud consciousness of having established his indisputable claim to that highly venerated quality, brought the first ray of comfort to his sorely afflicted soul. All chance of completing that union, on which he had rested his future hopes of happiness was, he believed, for ever annihilated—yet did he feel consoled by the possibility that he might continue to prove, even to those who regarded him with contempt, that his *soul partook not of his destiny*.

Such was the temper of his mind,

(after he had resolved on his future plan of life,) when a stranger solicited an interview with him on the day *preceding* that night on which he had secretly departed from Liancour.

This stranger proved to be the unfortunate Pierre Laurens, Viscompte de Valdore; fated, as it should seem, to play an important part in the family of Isenberg. Since the precipitate flight of the banditti from the Tyrol, he had never resumed the office of their leader, but had lived with Dumesnil on his share of the booty, which had been divided on the separation of the band.

The death of his faithful steward, not long before his visit to Liancour, had once more rendered him a solitary wanderer; and he was on his way back to his province, with the wild project of wresting from the present possessor his inheritance, when, in passing through Alsace, he was led by some traits of ge-

nerosity, he accidently heard of Villerose, to call on him, in the hope bringing him to second his schemes.

The too evident insanity of his discourse and countenance induced the Marquis to decline engaging in his views; and he set out indignant at his refusal, though not less resolved to carry, unassisted, his intentions into execution.

From Liancour the Viscompte had proceeded on foot to that auberge, where the Count de Mornie fancied he had first discovered the track of Villerose; and it was his handkerchief whose initials had confirmed Adelcour in the belief that he was right in the pursuit: he from thence proceeded to the chateau de Belgarde.

By a singular coincidence, it happened that this chateau had belonged to the father of Valdore, and had been lent to Tremorne, by the present possessor of that estate which had passed into his

hands as the next heir, in consequence of the dreadful malady of the Viscompte.

De Crevecoeur, the intimate friend of Tremorne, had stopped at this residence the evening before his return to his uncle's, intending to pass the night there. It was while the convivial party, which he found already assembled, were gaily supping, that Valdore, who, having spent his boyish days under that roof, knew every avenue into the chateau, entered it unperceived; and, exploring his way to an unoccupied chamber, had sunk into an unquiet sleep. About two hours after midnight he awoke, and, by degrees recollecting where he was, sought out his way to the chamber he had been once accustomed to occupy. He found a light burning in it, and in that bed, in which he had been used to repose, a sleeping chevalier.

Valdore, before entering this chamber, had mechanically drawn his sword, and

was standing with it in the attitude of one who intended to use it offensively, when De Crevecoeur suddenly awoke. His first movement on discovering a person, at such an hour, in so threatening a posture near him, was to seize a loaded travelling pistol, which lay by the side of the bed, and at the same moment he leapt from it, discharged the contents with too fatal an aim at the long suffering Viscompte, receiving in the fall of that nobleman (who had bent forward to divert the direction of the pistol) his sword through his own body.

De Crevecoeur had been found speechless on the following morning, and his antagonist some hours dead, by Debret, when he entered his apartment—and all enquiries respecting the deceased stranger proving insufficient to ascertain whom he could be, he had at a proper time been interred in the family vault of Belgarde.

Thus by an incident, bloody as it was extraordinary, did the long perturbed spirit of Valdore find repose in that mansion of his forefathers, from whence he had been so long banished, and his ashes a resting place in the cemetry of his ancestors, beside his once implacable parent!

Villerose, in the mean time, had quitted Liancour, and unsuspectedly pursued his way to the frontiers; where the Empress Queen was making those warlike preparations, which so greatly excited the jealousy of the King of Prussia. There, under the name of Louisberg, he enlisted himself as a private, in the same regiment in which De Mornie had some time before entered. But from the circumstance of their never having before met, and the firm belief that Villerose was no more, no shadow of suspicion ever entered the breast of Adelcour, though the emotion with which, after their intimate friendship, his com-

panion often listened to his observations on the unshaken constancy of her who was a thousand times dearer to him than all earthly good, save honor, had often compelled him abruptly to quit the tent, and give vent in solitude to his feelings of enthusiastic love and gratitude.

Villerose had early learnt from the Count, that he was imagined by himself, and the whole of the Isenberg family, to have fallen by the hand of De Crevecoeur; yet dangerous as he felt that conviction to his future hopes in the youngest daughter of that house, while his fortune was so precarious, his high sense of honor forbade his taking any step that might hinder her from making a more happy choice; supposing death should cut him off during his dangerous career, or the chances of war prove adverse to his obtaining that rank which could alone entitle him to obtain her.

Insupportable as was the idea, that there existed a *possibility* of her ever transferring her affections to another, he had persevered in preserving the secret that might have guarded against it.

Thrice, during that period, had he (under an impenetrable disguise) visited the spot which Viola inhabited—he had beheld her kindness to Theresa and her children; and marked with the deepest emotion the peculiar tenderness with which she ever caressed the youngest—that infant who had particularly attracted *his* regard.

The peace of Hubertsberg saw Louisberg arrived at that rank and high consideration which he felt entitled him to return to those friends, whom he knew so sincerely regretted his loss; and before parting with De Mornie, he pledged his word to visit him as soon as he had executed a commission, with which Ma-

reschal Daun had charged him to the Empress.

The extreme partiality that distinguished commander had conceived for him, was his secret inducement for selecting him, on this occasion, as his emissary; for he wished to draw on him the personal favor of a sovereign, who well knew how to reward those who signalized their zeal and bravery in her cause.

The Empress received Louisberg, of whose character she had been previously informed by the Mareschal, with the most flattering graciousness, and appointed an early day on which to give him the answer he was to carry back.

As he was quitting the audience chamber, he was encountered by a nobleman, who had often met the Marquis de Villerose in Italy at the Prince of Verona's; and having happened to be in France at the period his singular his-

tory became public, had heard most of the particulars attending it. He had from that epocha, till now, believed him to be no more, and on this occasion exhibited so much surprise at sight of him, as excited the curiosity of Maria Theresa.

Her Majesty, taking him apart, soon after learnt all this nobleman knew of his extraordinary history. Struck with new astonishment and admiration at the chivalrous honor which had actuated his conduct, she resolved, from that moment, to take him under her immediate protection.

That very evening Louisberg received an order to attend the Empress on the following morning. He obeyed; and in a private interview found himself called on to detail the leading features of his life. One circumstance her Majesty, on this occasion learnt, with which she was

before unacquainted; it was his mother's family.

This event, and the will of his maternal grandfather, determined her on exerting her influence with the Count Altenberg (who had, not many months before, seen his only son sink into an early grave, the victim of dissipation) to seek consolation for his loss, in the immediate adoption of a nephew so eminently calculated to do honor to his house.

Her Majesty found the task by no means difficult of inducing his uncle to receive with pleasure a relative, whose high sense of honor had been rendered so manifest by his voluntarily abandoning those possessions to which he felt his legitimate right doubtful; and through his own personal heroism and bravery, raising himself to a rank so distinguished, and to the favor of their Imperial Majesties.

With what complicated emotions did

that being, who had so long felt himself isolated—rejected—disgraced—in the eyes of mankind—find himself received with honorable distinction into the affections of an uncle so highly respected; and, by the immediate sanction of their Imperial Majesties, perceive himself invested with the name and rank of his deceased cousin, as the lineal descendant of Count Altenberg!

But there was still a dearer cause for those tumultuous feelings of happiness which agitated him! He could now, consistently with his native pride, generosity, and romance of character, reclaim that hand which he had not resolved on relinquishing, without sentiments of the deepest despair.

A constancy so remarkable as that which Viola had exhibited for a lover, whom she had long believed to be no more, surprised and interested her Imperial Majesty; who, however, resolved to as-

certain, herself, the stability of an attachment, of which she could not help entertaining some doubt, before restoring them to a felicity of which she thought she would then be so worthy.

It was with this view, that, instead of granting the young Count Altenberg the permission he solicited, to hasten immediately to the object of his still more enthusiastic love, she insisted, under pain of her displeasure, that he should leave to her the bringing about their union.

It was in consequence of this plan, that she had, by her previous arrangements, led to the private interview with Viola, which she intended should be followed by the introduction of her lover, when the arrival of that impatient lover, shortened a scene which might otherwise have been some time longer protracted.

Her Majesty had, however, obtained

the satisfaction she sought, and leaving these so long divided beings, yet whose hearts had never swerved from each other, to a felicity they had long despaired of again tasting, she repaired to the apartment in which she had left the Baron and his family. To them she unfolded the events which promised to gild with felicity the future life of their beloved Viola; and introduced them to the venerable Count Altenberg.

With what overflowing joy was the nephew of that nobleman soon after embraced by friends, who, with a delight scarcely inferior to that of beholding again revisit the lovely face of Viola that sweet peace to which she had been so long a stranger, received once more, within their happy circle, a being, rendered by his sacrifices and sufferings, an object of a thousand times greater affection than he had ever before inspired in their ever partial bosoms.

It was with strong emotions of pleasure and gratitude that the amiable Count and Countess de Mornie viewed in him that pattern of unexampled generosity, who in immolating at the shrine of honor his own early prospects had given happiness to them; nor were they less sensible of that act of generous valor, by which, at the risk of his own life, he had saved that of Adelcour, to whom from that hour he had become the friend and comforter during his long absences from his Pauline.

The next day witnessed the celebration of that union, which was at length completed under such happy auspices; and, within a week after its solemnization, taking a grateful leave of their Imperial patrons, the whole family returned to Isenberg.

Here it was that the devoted Altenberg watched with a delight, proportioned to his long sufferings, the effect of re-

stored felicity on that fondly beloved being, to whom he was indissolubly united; and experienced the exquisite joy of seeing the lovely bloom, which had faded beneath the blighting influence of sorrow, soon steal back, to give new lustre to her fascinating beauty—while heart-felt happiness beamed in her soul-penetrating eyes.

If such were the sensations with which Altenberg contemplated those renewed graces that had first captivated him in the object of his love, now perfected by many heightening touches, it was with sensations of interest, not less powerful, that she noticed the change his career of heroism had wrought in the beloved partner of her life! Nor could one of the family of Isenberg, particularly herself and Pauline, remark the deep scar of that wound, which he had received in saving the life of De Mornie, without feeling awakened towards him, still

more lively sentiments of grateful attachment.

Don Alphonso, who had lost nothing of that friendship which had warmed his bosom for his friend (before he had ever been introduced to one of that family of which he had since become a member), felt his admiration and affection for that friend redoubled since his recovery of him; nor was his lively lady insensible to the pleasure of seeing him once more embellish, by his presence, their domestic circle; though she often declared to him, that he had lost the talent of amusing her, now that he had become invulnerable to those shafts of ridicule, by which she was formerly accustomed to keep him in awe of her:—shafts, which she still could not help occasionally levelling against him.

The happy Altenberg, would, at such times, humour the sprightly lady, by rallying her in his turn; often greatly

diverting their friends by the spirited dialogues they carried on together. But when at times he perceived the countenance of his friend disturbed, (greatly as he was attached to the beautiful mother of his lovely infant) and the equanimity of his temper ruffled by little traits of the want of that delicacy, and consideration in her, which formed so charming a feature in her amiable sisters—at others, vainly attempting to conceal his apprehensions, that her boundless spirits would carry her beyond those just limits, the sensitive husband would never see his wife, "o'erleap," he returned thanks to heaven for having guided his own choice to that sweet being, who was exactly formed to constitute his earthly happiness; and inspire in him that perfect confidence, not more necessary to *his* tranquillity, than it rendered *her* precious to his heart.

As no one had taken a more lively in-

terest in the sorrows of Viola than the admirable Countess D'Aubry, (who had never been separated from her daughter since the decease of the Count) none more sincerely hailed the return of her regretted lover than did that excellent lady.

She had experienced all of sublunary happiness she was capable of tasting, in the bosom of the charming family by that she was surrounded; and Madame Isenberg, in the opportunities that were thus constantly offered her of evincing her filial tenderness for that beloved mother, experienced the greatest consolation she was capable of receiving, for a calamity, certainly to be traced to those afflictions which originated in her elopement. Yet, notwithstanding this alleviation, the Baroness, even in the midst of gaiety and mirth, would at times feel her's suddenly checked, and a dreadful pang assail her

heart, as the misfortune of her parent was recalled to her immediate notice by some passing occurrence.

About this time, the long pending cause of Sir Launcelot Aberdale was decided in his favor; an event which was about to carry him and his family to reside henceforth in his native country. They arrived at Isenberg on a farewell visit, previous to their quitting Germany, while the whole happy party were just assembled there.

Doctor Martimas, whose bulk and self importance had grown with his years, had lost none of his former jealous spleen against the erudition of the venerable Lady Marguerite. Nor was the temper of Miss Wanmore improved by time, and the repeated failures of her reiterated efforts to entrap within her *magic net, reticulated by the rosy fingers of the god of love*, some luckless youth,

whom she might lead back in triumph, as the captive of her charms.

She protested to Sigismond, the morning after her arrival, and in a voice sufficiently loud and angry to attract general attention, that she looked forward with much impatience to the moment that was to carry her from a country, in which there existed not (as far as her own observation enabled her to judge) one man of taste!

Sigismond bowed with an air of affected mortification to the lady, while a smile played over the countenances of the rest of the party. In the next minute, turning to Sir Launcelot, he said, "I shall rejoice, Aberdale, to hear that you, of whom *my* fair country-women have at least equal cause to think with severity, may soon find amidst *your own* some lady capable of inducing you to follow the tempting example set us by

our friends—an example which, I assure you, I am myself impatient to imitate."

"The ancients indoctrinate," said the lady Marguerite; "and *I* am very far from inficiating, that man, in order to attain perfect megalopsychy, must first be subjugated by the all-puissant and flammerous power of love! opining that that passion was the most eximious instigator to magnanimous inceptions. Matrimony was, therefore, a most sagacious excogitation to insure its diuturnity."

"Matrimony insure the *diuturnity* of love!" vociferated Doctor Martimas, with one of his most sarcastic smiles. "If any such preposterous doctrines are to be found in the ancients—a fact which I must take the liberty to doubt without better authority—the *moderns* will, I believe, call it the extinguisher of that short-lived flame. Love is, I grant, a

fire at first—but it is a fire which is soon apt to go out, and chilly wearisomeness to come in. The man, therefore, who meditates matimony, should well consider that he is about to gain a guest—not for a day—but for life; and that weighty are its cares, for the endurance of which he must prepare himself. As long as he journey's alone, he travels easily and lightly whithersoever he lists, and though while single he may have more longings and fewer cares; when married, he will, assuredly, have more cares and fewer longings."

"Well," said Donna Carenthéa, with one of her wonted roguish smiles—"We must all admire the liberality of Doctor Martimas, in acknowledging, before Sir Launcelot, that, in matrimonial cases, he must not lay too much stress on the opinion of the *ancients*. I will take the liberty of adding for him—par-

ticularly that of ANCIENT BATCHELORS."

"Madam," replied the Doctor, his still ruddy face purpling with suppressed displeasure; "but for your interruption, I was about to have extended the caution I was offering to those youths on the subject in question, by recommending them to avoid, above all things, choosing a *self*-conceited spouse; because she, possessing the subtiler brain, will expect to rule—a privilege of which her husband will be naturally tenacious, as properly the right of his sex; and when wit wars with prerogative, there must be mad work indeed!"

Just as the highly piqued lady, at whom this speech was pointedly levelled, was about to give her opponent the retort courteous, her attention was called off by a sight, which never failed to dimple her bewitching face with pleasure. Isi-

dore at that moment entered the apartment, with her cherub in his arms, and followed by the lovely boys of Pauline.

In her delight at perceiving her crowing infant, Donna Carenthéa immediately lost her momentary *humeur*: taking the babe from her brother, and fondly caressing it, she gave her to the not less delighted father, to go to whom the sweet infant had extended her pudsy hands. Her smiling mother then turning towards the still swelling Doctor, said, archly, "My good Sir, are these amongst the terrific extinguishers of love, against which you would warn your *ci-devant* pupil?"

Doctor Mrtimas, affecting to treat this question as one beneath his importance to answer, arose, and pompously strutted out of the apartment.

"You cannot imagine, Lady Aberdale," said the laughing Donna Carenthéa, as soon as the closing of the door,

shut from her sight the rolling motion of his bulky form—rendered then particularly grotesque by his mock dignity—"You cannot imagine how I envy you the society of that singularly comic personage! whose attitudes and movements alone might serve, during his whole life, as an admirable study for a painter—of *caricature!*—I am sure in that very dreary, dismal, miserable visit of our's to Liancour, just before my grandfather's death, I know not what would have become of me, if it had not been for the pleasure I received in examining the magic boudoir of the late Marchioness de Villerose, and the entertainment the Doctor afforded me. But though I was then so selfish as to keep this last enjoyment to myself, I will now amuse you, and those young rogues, my nephews, with a description of my *attic* amusement."

The anxious eye of De Lerma, had

turned with uneasiness towards Count Altenberg, on observing that this ill-judged allusion of his lady (which could scarcely fail to rouse painful recollections in the bosom of that friend), caused him to rise and walk with some emotion to a window. In the next moment however the cloud which had shaded his countenance passed off; he approached the chair of his Viola, and leaning over its back attended to the passing scene, till he found himself irresistibly impelled to join in the mirth excited by the comic humour the lively lady was exhibiting.

"You must all know," pursued she, totally unconscious of the effect her words had produced on Altenberg, and the pain her inconsideration gave Don Alphonso—"You must all remember the terrible confusion occasioned the morning after our arrival at Liancour by the loss of Doctor Martimas's portman-

teau; though I doubt if any one of you suspect by whose contrivance it was left behind. Know then *t' was mine!* I had over-heard the mirth-inspiring man giving such tediously minute charges respecting it, the evening before we left Isenberg, that I thought by circumventing his caution I might make for myself a little sport. As soon therefore as he had left the hall, into which he had caused it to be borne, and the domestics were out of the way, I made Theresa carry it into the closet, and put her own trunk (in appearance a great deal resembling it) in the place of the Doctor's; which in due time was carefully lodged as his, according to his orders, in the boot of Lady Aberdale's coach, no one suspecting the trick till the evil attending it was past remedy. You may all well look surprized, when you recollect the admirable discretion with which I concealed my exultation during break-

fast; joining my kind condolences to those of the rest of the party, and protesting my belief that one of my papa's coats, except being a trifle too long, might well supply the loss of his own. No sooner was the plan of trial agreed on, than I took the opportunity, while he was making his choice of a garment in my papa's dressing room, to step into his (which was divided only by a door from mine), and hiding myself behind the hangings, in which I made a hole large enough to give me a view of the passing scene, was soon after regaled by a sight of the Doctor, who entered, followed by Luseck with the clothes.

"I think I at this moment have him before me," pursued the laughing Donna Carenthéa, "making his *coup d'essai* on the waistcoat! Heavens! what an expense of breath—of strength—of temper, followed!—The impenetrable stability of his mighty body corporate

stubbornly refused to be imprisoned within a compass so narrow; he however with unshaken firmness, long persisted in trying to compel it to obedience. Now, with heightened colour and suspended respiration, he would succeed in shrinking himself within what he believed to be a hair's breadth of bringing the garment to button; then would his full lungs burst from controul, and the panting Doctor was fain to solicit a truce, till his recovered breath enabled him to renew the unequal combat! At length the waistcoat, yielding to the united force of the Doctor and Luseck, obligingly opened behind with a renting reluctance, and embraced the ample corporation which had resisted all the efforts made to press it into compliance, leaving its *antipodes* to cool at leisure. What was now to be done with the terrible breach at the back, became the question; and it was thought expedient to call in the advice and aid of the *fri-*

ponne Theresa, whom Luseck, with much naiveté, assured the Doctor, was not only the best tempered, but the most ingenious girl in the world.

"With well acted demureness, Theresa obeyed the summons, and listened to a statement of the tragi-comic case; as the best remedy to which, she proposed the tacking of strings on each side the chasm, by way of keeping together the dissevered garment. To this proposal the Doctor graciously acceded; and on its completion was so unconscious of the ten inch law given him by Theresa's tape, that he protested the *few stitches* which were ripped, had rendered the vest perfectly easy and commodious. This difficulty surmounted, our hero proceeded to adorn himself with the coat; into the sleeves of which he slid his hands, and dexterously throwing it over his head—became suddenly fixed, as by magic, in an extatic posture! A

strait waistcoat could not more effectually have pinioned the fin-like arms to the "ribless" sides of the *enchanting* Doctor, than did the efforts he made to force forward his hands, fix them immoveable *en l'air!* Not more fruitless were all his strenuous endeavours to free himself, than was his attempt to coax the bottom of the vestment from resting on his swelling pole.

"Prithee, good fellow, pull the coat down behind," cried the Doctor; "it cuts me across the neck like a halter."

"Sir, it wont move," replied Luseck, bowing respectfully.

"Sir, it *shall* move;" vociferated the Doctor: "Do you think I will stand all day in this flying position?"

"Sir, the particular thickness of your pole stops it."

"Sir, the particular thickness of your skull prevents your perceiving that pulling down the skirts is the only way to release my arms."

"They will never be released," said Luseck, with rising impertinence, "till they are cut out of their straight quarters."

"None of your witticisms, puppy, at my expense!" roared the Doctor.

"It would be at the expense, I humbly presume, of my lord the Baron," replied the now highly piqued Luseck.

"And your immediate profit," retorted the still struggling Doctor; "but let me tell you, grinning Sir———"

"Just at that moment the extravagantly ludicrous grimaces, and superlatively grotesque attitudes of Doctor Martimas, became too exquisite for my further endurance; stepping, therefore, as quietly as I was able, from my place of concealment into my dressing room, and from thence to my chamber, I there indulged in the same ungovernable merriment, into which my faint attempt of acting over the scene, from which I had escaped, has thrown some of you!"

The party had, indeed, found the incomparably comic powers of Donna Carenthéa irresistible; who, in defiance of youth, beauty, and perfect symmetry, had contrived to give her spectators a very lively representation of the rolling motion—the inflated visage—the dictatorial voice—the breathless exertions—and the *extatic* posture of the subject of her mimicry.

"But, good heavens,!" exclaimed she, suddenly recollecting herself, and assuming an air of gravity, on observing the serious countenance of Don Alphonso, "those boys will think me mad!—Remember, rogues, that when I played the worthy Doctor that naughty trick, I was young and giddy, not precise and matronly as I am now."

"I think," observed the still laughing Sir Launcelot, turning to Delmond a few minutes after, when all the rest of

the party had quitted the room, for the purpose of walking to the cottage of Christophe and Josephine, to shew their fine little family to Lady Aberdale, "I think the glee and animation with which that diverting lady has just given us the details of her droll but improper frolic against our good Doctor Martimas, evinces that she has lost none of the *spirit* which then inspired her roguery."

"The human character," replied Delmond, "has been very aptly compared to a bow, which when unstrung, relaxing from the bias it has been forced to take, resumes its pristine form. The lively mind of Donna Carenthéa strongly exemplifies this truth. While under the influence of personal disappointment, and surrounded by scenes of affliction, it suddenly bent beneath their subduing powers, giving the promise of having taken a new form for life: yet no sooner

were these check-strings removed, than with impatient elasticity it sprang back to its native character.

Those of her charming sisters equally prove the justness of the comparison. The character of Pauline, though for a time *warped* from rectitude and those strict principles her excellent parents early implanted in her bosom, by the unavoidable duplicity attendant on a clandestine engagement—from the moment remorse goaded her to a renunciation of her errors, resumed its native uprightness, her temper its wonted equanimity, and her manners the easy dignity which had been depressed while she was under the dominion of self-reproach.

"Nor does the sweet Viola less convincingly prove the correctness of my position. So long had her sensitive mind been bent by the iron hand of misfortune, that it appeared as if all hopes of its reco-

vering its natural elasticity were annihilated. Yet in how short a period after its release from its too severe tension, do we see it restored to all the original graces which formerly characterised it! The innocent, the touching, the unaffected cheerfulness of whose influence, no one who approaches her can be insensible; and which, when joined to her delicacy, and intuitive consideration for the feelings of others, is equally calculated to fascinate all who are within her sphere of action, and insure the affection of the happy Count Altenberg!"

"Happy, indeed!" exclaimed Sir Launcelot, with unusual animation; "and a thousand times more the object of my envy, in the possession of such a bosom friend, than is the husband of the wild, the amusing, the tantalizing Carenthéa; of whom I beg to remark, (though generally speaking I subscribe to the justness of your metaphor) that, notwith-

standing her resumption of the character nature gave her towards others, her once untamed spirit has certainly learnt to yield with a very salutary degree of awe to the *timely asserted* dignity of her lord; the strength of whose mind he first taught her to feel, by compelling her to *respect* the firmness which her caprice aimed at subduing.

THE END.

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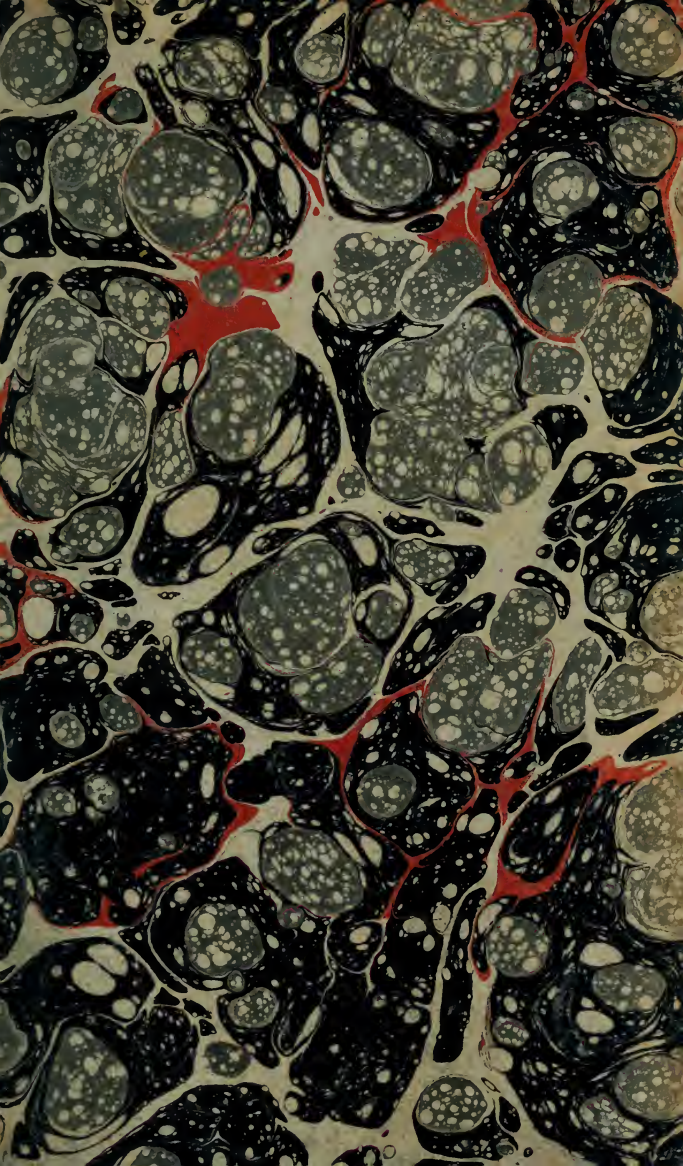
From the Perth Courier of Dec. 18, 1809.



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